Next Month

THE ORDEAL OF WESTERN CHRISTIANITY

Paul Hutchinson

This will be the first of three important articles by Paul Hutchinson on the position of the Church in modern society and the dilemmas which it faces. In view of the superficial slapdash which characterizes most articles on religion published in magazines these days, it gives THE FORUM particular satisfaction to present to its readers this serious and thoughtful discussion of the subject.

CONFIDENCE IN WHOM?

Elmer Davis

"If the faint improvement in business shown in the fall really marks the beginning of recovery," says Mr. Davis, "we may soon be called on to show whether the human race can really learn anything from experience. . . . If we listen again to those tom-tom thumpers and confidence shouters, we deserve anything that may happen to us." The need for skepticism is the theme of his wise and witty comments.

IN OUR STARS

Bernard Faÿ

Bernard Faÿ is a Frenchman whose special interest is American history. His picture of the world fifty years from now is necessarily different in many particulars from the predictions of Irwin Edman and Lewis Mumford, whose articles have preceded his in this series.

THE DEAD HAND OF BUREAUCRACY

Lawrence Sullivan

One of the most important questions before Congress this winter will be the reduction of expenditures through the unification of departments and elimination of bureaucratic red tape. Lawrence Sullivan has made an authoritative study of the subject. He shows the bewildering tangle which exists, and how Congress has foiled every attempt of President Hoover and preceding presidents to cut the Gordian knot.

MUST I HAVE CHILDREN?

Anonymous

The plaint of a young wife who protests against the pressure brought to bear on her by parents, relatives, and other well-wishers to have children. She doesn't want them and she tells why. Is there any reason, she asks, why this should be considered "selfish" of her?

FORUM and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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TOASTS

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, a niece of the late Theodore Roosevelt, is the wife of Franklin D. Roosevelt. For a number of years she has been active in social and political circles. Mrs. Roosevelt is keenly interested in education and teaches at a private school in New York. Recently she was appointed editor of *Babies Just Babies.*

PHILIP GUEDALLA was educated at Rugby and Balliol College, Oxford. In 1913 he became a barrister of the Inner Temple. During the World War he acted as legal adviser to the War Office and the Ministry of Munitions. Since retiring from legal practice, Mr. Guedalla has distinguished himself as a writer of historical biographies. Among the best known of these are *Fathers of the Revolution, Palmerston,* and *Wellington.*

TOM JONES PARRY, born and raised in Seattle, studied agriculture at Washington State College. Because he never had enough money to buy a farm, he took up advertising and now has an agency of his own. As a hobby, Mr. Parry studies and lectures on psychology. He has contributed articles to advertising and trade publications and to several of the better known national magazines.

GEORGE WELLINGTON, who claim he is nobody to write about, settled down as postmaster of La Belle, Pennsylvania, after trying his luck at a variety of occupations, including professional baseball playing, school teaching, and lumbering. Mr. Ash, the rustic philosopher of Mr. Wellington's sketches, first made his appearance in THE FORUM in 1929.

LEWIS MUMFORD, one of the leaders of the modern school of criticism in America, has been a professional writer since 1914, when THE FORUM published one of his first short stories. During the past two years he has been visiting lecturer at Dartmouth College. Mr. Mumford's last book, *The Brown Decades,* will soon be followed by another, in preparation for which he spent four months in Europe on a Guggenheim fellowship.

CATHERINE HACKETT, after her graduation from Mount Holyoke College in 1920, took up newspaper work in Washington, on the staff of *The Christian Science Monitor.* From 1925 to 1930 she was Washington correspondent of the *Woman's Journal.* Her present occupation is housekeeping. She is married and has three children.

WILLIAM SOSKIN is a literary critic on the staff of the *New York Evening Post.*

WILLIS J. BALLANGER, in the comparatively short time since he graduated from Yale — he is only thirty years old — has taught in one preparatory school and four colleges, including Williams, where he now teaches economics. In addition he has worked on five newspapers, acted as secretary to a Congressman, directed a speaker's bureau for a political party, done free-lance writing, and dabbled in psychiatry. THE FORUM has already published two of Mr. Ballinger's articles, which appeared in the February and May issues.

DORA AYDELOTTE grew up in the corn-belt town of Mowequa, Illinois, where she gathered the impressions which she has recorded in the Barbry Miller stories. At present she is collecting material for her first book.

HAROLD J. LASKI, at one time lecturer in history at Harvard and McGill, is now Professor of Political Science at the University of London. Since 1920 he has been connected with the London School of Economics. He is the author of numerous works on the science of government which have established his reputation as one of the leading authorities on the subject. His most recent book, *Studies in Law and Politics,* was published this year. Recently Professor Laski was appointed a member of the Lord Chancellor's Committee on the Reform of Legal Education.

TRAVIS HOKE was born in St. Louis, Missouri. At the age of eight he ran away from home, returned, and repeated the process at frequent intervals. Mr. Hoke writes that there was nothing to complain of at home; it just seemed a good idea. After being expelled from two preparatory schools, he did newspaper and civic work in his native city. This was the beginning of a heterogeneous career, in which, among other things, he has been a major league baseball player, a photographer's assistant, an actor, a snare drummer, a fortune teller, a boss camel driver with an Oriental carnival, a sailor, a blacksmith's helper, and a sergeant in the U. S. Coast Artillery. Mr. Hoke has also been an associate editor of *The Dial* and editor of *Popular Science Monthly,* and has worked on the old *New York Herald* and the Sunday supplement of the Hearst newspapers.

ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK has traveled extensively in Europe and South America with her husband, who is a geologist with the Guggenheim organization. Before her marriage in 1915, she was secretary to Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve, then head of the Classical Department at Johns Hopkins University. The Overbecks are now living in a mining camp in northern Sweden. They have two children who are in school in Lausanne, Switzerland.

CYRUS FISHER has had much experience in writing and producing radio programs. His radio criticisms appear monthly in THE FORUM.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

LIGHT IN AUGUST, by William Faulkner; Smith & Haas, $2.50.

ALTHOUGH it does not sustain, throughout, the terrific pace and impact of *Sanctuary, Light in August* is in some ways a better book. There are signs that Mr. Faulkner is beginning to mellow a little, to draw a little closer to ordinary humanity. A note of pity has crept in, and to offset the usual quota of half-crazed individuals, driven by dark, uncontrollable impulses, one has the touching figure of Lena, seeking so hopefully the worthless father of her unborn child, or of Byron Bunch, with his dogged, selfless devotion to her interests. Rather unwisely, perhaps, Faulkner has interwoven half a dozen different stories in his book, easily the most impressive of which is the tale of Joe Christmas, the homeless vagabond whose whole life has been shadowed and shaped by the probability that he has negro blood in him. It is in writing of Christmas — his dour, terrible childhood, his passionate relations with a middle-aged spinster, his eventual doom — that Faulkner rises to the full heights of horror and beauty. In these, his best chapters, one can forgive his extravagant imagery, his furious intensity — which seem misplaced at other times when his inspiration flags. *Light in August* is an uneven book, with tediously irrelevant episodes, but more than half the time it equals his finest work, *As I Lay Dying* and *The Sound and the Fury.*

GROVER CLEVELAND: A Study in Courage, by Allan Nevins; Dodd, Mead, $5.00.

BY THE time this review appears in print the big political band wagons will be rumbling toward their party stables, not to reappear until 1936; radio listeners' favorite half-hours with crooners, comedians, and other purveyors of aural titillation will no longer be sacrificed, as they have been at intervals during the past five months, for the indiscreet blasts of political hog-callers, prescribing this or that golden remedy for the country's ills; the parlor Communists will have become parlor Nihilists; and the majority of people will be taking their belts up another notch and preparing for "the long, hard pull." But there will be a minority — a larger minority than in other presidential years — who will not soon forget their dissatisfaction with the poor quality of leadership displayed in the recent campaign. They will continue to look for the leader they were unable to find then, and they may discover him springing up suddenly, within the next four years, from an obscurity something like that from which Grover Cleveland sprang in 1882. And while they are searching, it might be well for these malcontents

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MARK TWAIN'S AMERICA, by Bernard DeVoto; Little, Brown, $4.00.

FOR THE past twelve years *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* has supplied all the texts for any serious appraisal of America's greatest humorist. Van Wyck Brooks' psychoanalytical revelations have been devoutly received, and digested, by Lewis Mumford, Matthew Josephson, and a veritable host of lesser critics. They have even achieved a certain popular currency. Until Mr. DeVoto, full of robust indignation and a disquieting amount of knowledge, came along, the official version of Mark Twain as a frustrated artist, warped and tainted by the brutalities of the frontier, stood quite unchallenged. Now, at last, the challenge has been sounded — and it is no mild challenge either. Twain, says Mr. DeVoto furiously, has been the victim of theorists and social moralists who refuse humor its inherent greatness and dignity. In their crusading ardor they have neglected to examine the evidence of Twain's books, and to perceive how those books were the inevitable outgrowth of Twain's incredibly rich experience of American life. The Brooksian school, he declares, is wrong about the frontier and wrong about Twain — who never cared or wanted to be anything other than a humorist, who was no thwarted Shelley. In his effort to right their errors Mr. DeVoto paints a glowing, robust, and loving picture of the Missouri

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Books in Brief

of Twain's youth, of the teeming life of the Mississippi in his pilot days, of the roaring adventures of the Nevada silver fields. Crude, colorful, vital — not the sterile wilderness which Brooks pictures — the frontier shaped Mark Twain completely, schooled him in its private humor, taught him all that was most valuable for him to learn. Unquestionably Mr. DeVoto knows the frontier, and unquestionably many of his criticisms of Brooks are justified. Presumably his book is no more completely authoritative than the *Ordeal* — certainly his estimates of Twain as an artist are sometimes a little lame. It is, however, a very fine and stimulating book, which healthily shatters conventional canons.

THE SECOND COMMON READER, by Virginia Woolf; Harcourt, Brace, $3.00.

THE *Second Common Reader* lives up to the high expectations which announcement of a new book by Mrs. Woolf always raises. Like the first volume of this title, it contains not formal "literary criticism," but random thoughts and impressions of such authors as Donne, Hazlitt, Gissing, Meredith, Swift, and Hardy. In each of these essays she recreates the age about which she writes and the people who lived in it, dealing with them not with the dry and lifeless reverence usually accorded the great dead, but with a vividness and a conviction of their reality and humanity that is always delightful.

FLOWERING WILDERNESS, by John Galsworthy; Scribner, $2.50.

IN HIS latest novel Mr. Galsworthy carries on the fortunes of the Charwell family of *Maid in Waiting*, and its heroine is again the charming Dinny. A further tie-up with the Forsyte fortunes is brought about by Dinny's ill-starred love affair with Wilfrid Desert, who, as any good Galsworthian can tell you, made more or less unsuccessful advances toward Fleur Mont at one time, and who went "out East" afterward, as is the way with unhappy Englishmen in novels. While there, he was converted to Islam at the point of a gun, and it is the discovery and scandal attendant upon this fact that manufactures the tragedy of the story. For, to the landed gentry, the class to which both Wilfrid and Dinny belong, this defection, this refusal to "take a dare," constitutes a betrayal of the English and all they represent in the far reaches of the Empire. The bare outline of the story sounds ridiculous enough, but Galsworthy has the power of convincing the reader that even in the world of to-day there can exist a class to which a thing of this sort is of prime importance.

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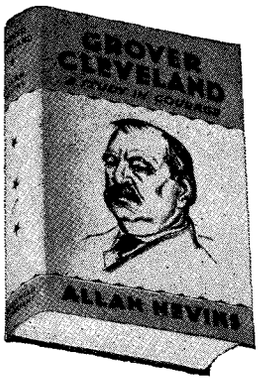

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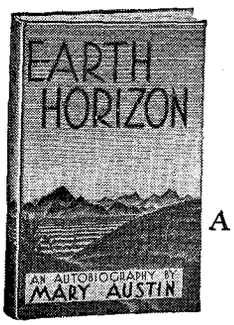

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Books in Brief

BLOODY YEARS, by F. Yeats-Brown; Viking $2.75.

IN *Lives of a Bengal Lancer,* that strange and well-told compound of mystic philosophy and vigorous sport, Major Yeats-Brown recounted the years he spent in His Majesty's service in India. This new book contains the adventures which came to him afterward, when for over two years during the war he languished in Turkish prisons. Not so feelingly written as the earlier volume, *Bloody Years* still has enough glamour and genuine excitement to make it worth reading. It gives not only the personal story of the author, which in itself is amazing, but also sidelights on the part played by Turkey in the war, beginning with the Balkan mess in 1910–14, continuing through the murder of Ferdinand at Serajevo, and on until the peace treaty is signed between Turkey and the Allies at Sèvres. The horror of Turkish imprisonment, with its filth, its rigid confinement, and its maddening monotony is set down in authentic colors; and the miraculous manner in which Major Yeats-Brown escaped is narrated with all the climaxes of the melodrama that it actually was. The book is not another *Bengal Lancer,* but it is certainly superior to most such reminiscences.

PEKING PICNIC, by Ann Bridge; Little, Brown, $2.50.

THIS novel won, and richly deserved, the Atlantic Prize awarded once before to *Jalna.* From any standpoint of artistry it is, incidentally, a better book. A story of legation life in China, it tells of a week-end picnic party which takes place on the outskirts of Peking — a fantastically romantic spot exquisitely described by Miss Bridge. Momentous things happen on this week-end. Certain members of the party fall in love; others are trapped by bandits; some return with a deeper knowledge of themselves and of China; one at least finds only despair and death. The central figure of the novel is a certain Mrs. Leroy, one of the most enchanting women in recent fiction, who for all her ripe, disillusioned wisdom, finds herself plunged into the stream of late love. Laura Leroy is responsible for the unity, the point of view, and the major part of the charm inherent in this very civilized and disarming novel.

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ, by Rosamond Lehmann; Holt, $2.00.

IF YOU want to know how a young girl feels when she goes to her first party, what ecstacies and tremors she experiences, you could have no more reliable guide than Rosamond Lehmann. This

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Books in Brief

very simple little tale of two sisters who attend a county ball has much of the same charm as *Dusty Answer* — though Miss Lehmann now interprets youth with more mellowness and understanding. At seventeen, Olivia is shy, intelligent, observant — not as pretty and poised as her older sister, Kate, but more capable of assimilating experience. Although she gets along nicely enough at the party, which is described with extraordinary shrewdness, her adventures are mostly vicarious. She has her first taste of adult life and its problems, but she does not actually participate in them. *Invitation to the Waltz* is a thoroughly charming book — slight, but full of sensitive observation and humor.

THE SALUTATION, by Sylvia Thompson Warner; Viking, $2.50.

"DELICATE" is the adjective for Miss Thompson's work, as readers of *Mr. Fortune's Maggot* will testify. That winning gentleman is the chief figure, under much unhappier circumstances, in the title story of this collection (or so the blurb infers — his name is never once mentioned), a somewhat limpid tale whose greatest merit, as in all of this author's books, lies not in what is said but in how it is said. The other of the two novelettes deals with the confession of an early nineteenth-century murderess and is a melodramatic yarn which in most hands would be sheer nonsense but which somehow is here invested with considerable pathos and even a degree of force. Of the remaining stories, some are trifles in content as well as length, but they all demonstrate the precision with which Miss Thompson writes.

SAVE ME THE WALTZ, by Zelda Fitzgerald; Scribner, $2.00.

HERE is an instance of words gone wild. Gifted with a talent for crisp dialogue and with a pleasant sense of the humorous, Mrs. Fitzgerald has for some reason seen fit to subordinate this element in her first novel to an extremely involved prose style which fails to do anything but clog both the action of the plot and the reader's understanding of the characters. It is mainly due to this constant use of strained imagery, which is wealthy only in the sense that there is a lot of it, that the book, at least part of which appears to be autobiographical, lacks reality: none of its people is more than a pivot about which the author weaves words, words, words. Yet one sees here and there indications that Mrs. Fitzgerald has the makings of a sprightly satirist. Her medium, however, would seem to be not fiction but the theater. Certainly *Save Me the Waltz* would be better as a play than as a novel.

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F O R U M

DECEMBER, 1932 VOL. 88, NO. 6

Immortal Hilarity

A Foreword by the Editor

We are about to celebrate the fourth Thanksgiving and Christmas of the Depression. For these holidays let us select a heartening text from Ralph Waldo Emerson: "In the actual world — the painful kingdom of time and place — dwell care, and canker, and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy."

The happy millennium of the optimists, with a joyful job for everybody, seems to be still quite a distance around the corner. For the twelve millions of our unemployed there is obviously little cause to be thankful. Yet even this anxious holiday season offers grounds for rejoicing. In spite of under-nourishment the average public health has improved on reduced rations. Our fat and flabbiness have been squeezed through the slow-grinding mills of depression. Our minds are keener to enjoy the fine discrimination of the little things of life that a few years ago were blurred out in the fury of gesticulation and the fog of "overhead."

Not since the Civil War has there been a graver menace of suffering, a profounder challenge to the mettle of our minds, to the earnestness and ruggedness of pioneer thinking. This challenge, this opportunity to create a better society, is offered to all of us, but most of all to youth. Youth assuming the responsibilities of life to-day finds a world sad, sick, and discouraged presented to him for cure. It is not he who is responsible for the follies of the war and the mistakes of economic dislocation perpetrated by older generations. But upon him is the duty, free from the inhibitions of his fathers, to take the reins of leadership.

The late era of ballyhoo did not agree with our young people. With its premiums for bluster instead of ideals and hard work, life was too easy and unchallenging to appeal to them. Youth was out-of-sorts with those times: was skeptical, cynical, derisive, disaffected. Leadership passed from negative, pseudo-sophisticated youth to his profit-chasing elders. Criticism is a noble function, but a nation composed of youthful critics cannot make much constructive headway.

A musical revue this season, "Americana," presents a dreary scene in a speakeasy in which the young people sing a dirge to the death of prohibition. This dirge is symbolic of the end of an era for American youth and the coming of a happier season in which ideals too long inhibited will have a chance to flower. Youth will find less necessary the speakeasy as an escape from disaffection; will turn to the healthier adventure of pursuing Emerson's "immortal hilarity."

Out of the Depression are cropping up signs of a new springtime in the American scene, a springtime in which the idealism of healthy youth will come back into its own. More important than the turn in the economic tide may be the turn in the behavior of American youth from indifference to responsibility.

In this issue of The Forum Eleanor Roosevelt reminds us in her article of the old-fashioned satisfactions of religion. Eleanor Roosevelt's character Emerson would no doubt find to be adorned by his "rose of joy." Mrs. Roosevelt's agile and productive life, crowded with doing but tranquil with fine ideals, is a wholesome witness of the directed spirit of American youth.

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What Religion Means to Me

Portrait by Marcel Maurel

by ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

It is generally conceded that in a world where material values seem to be dropping out of sight further and further day by day, there is a growing realization that something else is needed. Some of us even feel that amidst the many evils and sorrows and injustices which are the fruit of what we call the depression, there may be emerging one thing which will be of permanent value to us all — namely, a new standard which will set above everything else certain spiritual values. In our mad haste for more and more money and more and more luxury we had almost forgotten to count these as part of our heritage in this country.

And yet most of us who are in the forties and fifties to-day can look back to a childhood where religion and religious instruction were part of our every-day life, but we have come so far away from those days that in writing this article I even feel that I must begin by defining what I mean by religion. To me religion has nothing to do with any specific creed or dogma.

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It means that belief and that faith in the heart of a man which makes him try to live his life according to the highest standard which he is able to visualize. To those of us who were brought up as Christians that standard is the life of Christ, and it matters very little whether our creed is Catholic or Protestant.

To those of us who happen to have been born and brought up under other skies or in other creeds, the object to be attained goes by some other name, but in all cases the thing which counts is the striving of the human soul to achieve spiritually the best that it is capable of and to care unselfishly not only for personal good but for the good of all those who toil with them upon the earth.

Having established this as the meaning of religion, I can go back and speak for a moment of what most of us with Anglo-Saxon forebears remember as religious training in our youth. Sunday was, indeed, a day set apart from other days and some of the things decreed by my grandmother, who brought me up, I personally very much resented. I could not play games on Sunday; I had to sit on the uncomfortable small seat in my grandmother's large Victoria and drive five miles to and from church; I had special books which I was only allowed to read on Sundays, and I could not read the story in which I might happen to be interested. But I really enjoyed learning the Bible verses and the hymns, which always had to be memorized for Sunday morning, and I have never to this day quite got over the real pleasure of singing hymns on Sunday evening, after supper, as a family. These were very agreeable things and besides your elders had more time to talk to you. They even took little people for very pleasant walks on Sunday afternoons and in the winter I can remember open fires and books read aloud, which to this day carry me back to a happy atmosphere. But this religious training was not just an affair of Sundays — there were family prayers every morning and you grew up with the feeling that you had a share in some great spiritual existence beyond the every-day round of happenings.

Many of us have seen changes in religious thought since then, and God and religion may have come to mean many different things to many people, but I doubt if any of us have ever completely lost that feeling of having something outside of one's self and greater than one's self to depend on. There never has been a time when that feeling is more needed than it is to-day. People in trouble need just what little children need — a sense of security, a sense of something greater than their own powers to turn to and depend on.

The worst thing that has come to us from the depression is fear. Fear of an uncertain future, fear of not being able to meet our problems, fear of not being equipped to cope with life as we live it to-day. We need some of the old religious spirit which said, "I myself am weak but Thou art strong Oh Lord!" That was the spirit which brought people to this country, which settled it, which carried men and women through untold hardships, and which has given us our heritage of comparative ease and comfort.

After I left home and went to school I came under the influence of a very interesting woman who proclaimed that she had no religion and that the Christians, from her point of view, were rather to be looked down upon because they did right for gain. It might not be gain in this world but it was for gain in the next, and therefore the only people of real virtue were those who believed that there was no future life, but who wished to help those around them to do what was right purely through an interest in their fellow human beings and a desire to see right triumph just because it was right. I was too young to come back then with the obvious retort that making those around you happy makes you happy yourself, and that therefore you are seeking a reward just as much as if you were asking for your reward in a future life, and that perhaps what we know as good in life and what we here think of as praise-worthy will not be counted at all as a spiritual achievement by some more understanding judge. That is why we all of us, whether we are willing to acknowledge it or not, do crave the belief in some power greater than ourselves and beyond our understanding — because we know in our hearts that deeds and outward things mean little and that only someone who can gauge what striving there has been can really judge of what a human soul has achieved.

To-day I am an Episcopalian, as I was as a child, but I feel that this makes me neither better nor worse than those who belong to any other church. I believe in the habits of regular church-going and regular work for the church

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because there is help for us all in doing things in common and we care more for things that we give to, of our time, of our material wealth, and of our thought. But these are the outward symbols which should proclaim inner growth, and it is the inner growth which is important. If people can attain it without the help of what might be called religious routine, that is for them to decide. The fundamental, vital thing which must be alive in each human consciousness is the religious teaching that we cannot live for ourselves alone and that as long as we are here on this earth we are all of us brothers, regardless of race, creed, or color.

We must honestly try to put into practice some of the things which have always been considered too visionary to be actually tried in every-day life. We cannot give lip service alone to religion to-day. We hear constantly that prosperity will soon return, that this or that will bring about better business conditions, but we know of many people who have gone down under the strain of material loss and misfortune. The increasing number of suicides makes us realize that many people are feeling that life is too hard to cope with. That feeling would not exist if out of this depression we could revive again any actual understanding of what it means to be responsible for one's brother. Perhaps the parable of the rich man fits to-day very admirably, only we are not allowed to voluntarily place ourselves in his position. It is neatly done for us and our part is simply to see that we learn our lesson aright and that we profit by it, and that instead of sinking under the weight of fear we find our souls strengthened by the knowledge that we are part of some great scheme and that our courage springs up from deep wells of tradition, for our forefathers knew that there was a God who gave us strength and who ordered the world in which we live, but that we had to put forth our own strength to the utmost before our spirits could be upheld.

Out of these troublous times perhaps this knowledge will come back to us, and if it does a new day may really dawn for us all. Failure, however, must cease to mean material loss; it is the way we meet adversity, not adversity itself, which counts. If we have life and love and health and hope and a vision to strive for, then we are not failures, but if we are to hold this point of view real religion must be supreme on earth.

It has been true in the past that in all times of great crises there has been a revival of religious feeling. We are going through a time when vast numbers of our people are facing loss of things which they hold dear, some of them are facing actual starvation — though I think we have come to a point where our social conscience has become keen enough for us to make every attempt as a people to prevent, wherever we know of it, actual starvation. It is looked upon to-day as one of the duties of government to see that no one starves, and that is something which would not have even been thought of two hundred years ago.

But there are many other by-products of the depression which do as much harm as actual starvation. The lack of work, the feeling of helplessness, and the inevitable lowering in many families of the standard of living have a sad effect upon the general morale and habits of life of all the members of the family. Little by little it is being borne in upon us that it is not only life which we have a right to preserve, but that there is something more precious which the need of material things may stamp out of the human soul. Therefore it behooves us so to order our civilization that all can live in the security of having the necessities of life, and that each individual according to his abilities and his vision may at the same time preserve his hope for future growth.

This is Utopia perhaps, and many years distant, but it seems to me that it is the goal of real civilization, and it also seems to me that only through a revival of true religion are we going to achieve this goal. When religion becomes again a part of our daily lives, when we are not content only with so living that our neighbors consider us just men, and when we really strive to put into practice that which in moments of communion with ourselves we know to be the highest standard of which we are capable, then religion will mean in each life what I think it should mean. We will follow the outward observances because they give us help and strength, but we will live day by day with the consciousness of a greater power and of greater understanding than our own to guide us and protect us and spur us on.

Beginning Next Month—"The Ordeal of Western Christianity," by Paul Hutchinson.

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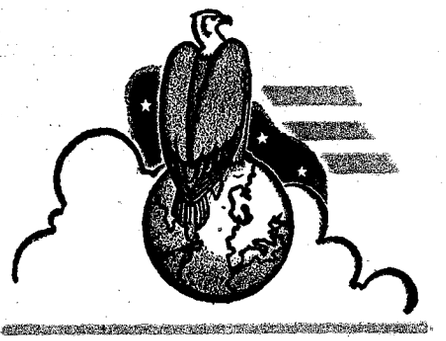
The Big Brother Complex



by **PHILIP GUEDALLA**

I

Of all the perils by which writers on travel are beset — anacondas, tidal waves, yellow fever, acts of God and the King's enemies — there is not the slightest doubt that adjectives are by far the worst. Not even excluding amateur photography. (And here let me observe that amateur photography runs a good second to any other scourge of humanity. I am not concerned for the moment with its capacity for converting any happy human gathering into a huddled and self-conscious group. But travelers should be warned in time against its magic aptitude for reducing any memorable scene into its own dismal shorthand. Under the camera the sudden splendor of an Algerian oasis becomes a ragged palm against a bleary sky; for Torquay and Beni Ounif de Figuig are all one to its undiscriminating eye. Show it a wave, a rock, a group of trees; and it will give you back trees, rock, and wave reduced by science to their lowest common denominator, neatly deprived of anything that made them memorable. That is why the destruction of his camera is the best accident that can happen to any traveler. For all his best descriptions vanish, as we turn the page and come upon that dismal little illustration — the drab rectangle of contrasted grays indifferently labelled *Sunshine at Santos* or *Ethel preparing dinner*, which effectively destroys his finest dithyrambic prose. If he cannot trust his memory, let him by all means make notes *en route*. But his notes, whether made on backs of envelopes or little squares of celluloid, are wholly unsuitable for publication. Let him remember that and spare us all the disillusion that resides in those masses of bleared vegetation seen across immense uninteresting foregrounds. For no words on any title-page can strike a deeper chill than the ominous expression *With fifty-seven illustrations from photographs by the author.*)

But the worst peril of them all is adjectival. Each continent, of course, lures writers to their doom with its own peculiar adjectives. Simple-minded travelers adrift in Gloucestershire founder upon "old-world"; all points east of the Balkans are "timeless"; and what *clichés* of desiccation haunt the empty spaces of Arabia, where the frequent passage of intrepid men begins to create a traffic problem for one another and lonely Bedouin demand a one-way desert. But even if the rocks of commonplace are avoided, there is danger in the open seas of adjectives. How many travelers return from fascinating scenes with nothing more to show than a meaningless assortment of epithets.

II

Flabby adjectival writing is the traveler's worst danger. It is so easy, as you lean over the ship's rail, to jot down the fact that palms are green, waves blue (until they break along the curving beaches), and the Pão de Assucar a vivid gray. But the statement means precisely nothing, until you have combined gray, blue, and green upon your canvas into the blinding panorama of Rio — and unaided

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adjectives will never do it. Adjectives, indeed, are the worst snare in South America. Brave men who penetrate the upper reaches of the Amazon see their best sentences die away, throttled in the strong, prehensile grasp of adjectival undergrowth; the *Pampa* remains largely undescribed, because a free use of the epithet "flat" fails, even in repetition, to render it; and the Andes — who could ever hope to trace a line of peaks along the upper sky merely by murmuring at intervals that they were extremely high?

Inadequate for any of its features, adjectives are no less misleading when applied to the sub-continent as a whole. For it eludes them with consummate agility. Light-hearted visitors who label it "Spanish America" stand by with rueful faces, as three-sevenths of its area turn out to be Portuguese; and the gay nondescript refutes with equal emphasis the grave misnomer of "Latin America." For, dubiously Latin, it is as doubtfully American — American, that is to say, in any sense in which the word is used in Europe. Frequent on British lips, that epithet relates to cigarettes, slang, business methods, rocking-chairs, and novels which originate exclusively in the United States. The American continent may run in magnificent disorder from Cape Horn to Baffin's Bay. But by some imperfection of the British intelligence the term "American" is always used of things and people domiciled in the United States. Canada knows better; and the South is at some pains to differentiate the *Norteamericano* (not to say *Yanqui*). But Englishmen will always mean precisely what they say, when they call anything — or anyone — American. And what they mean will be the gleam of Stars, the glow of Stripes, a mournful clangor of bells behind the cowcatchers of big, black locomotives with mechanics who wear striped overalls with horn-rimmed spectacles and eat indifferent cigars, producers bawling at unprecedented blondes in Kleig-lit studios, the tap of Thompson sub-machine-guns, bond salesmen in derby hats confronting crossword puzzles on the carved Renaissance thrones of hotel lobbies, clubmen mysteriously slain in tuxedos, the music of ten thousand tickers where Wall Street soars toward the lucid sky, and Manhattan whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle West. That is what Englishmen are thinking of, when they call anything "American"; and South America is anything but that.

Few things, indeed, could be more erroneous than to regard it as a southward extension of the America which films and stock markets have made painfully familiar to most Englishmen. For Argentina is not a Spanish-speaking Illinois, nor Buenos Aires a brunette Chicago. We might well be forgiven for thinking so, if we confined our reading to the rare eloquence of speakers at Pan-American Congresses, where perorations swoop from pole to pole with one eye on the future of mankind and one (more watchful) on the State Department. But Pan-American ideals are no more immediate than Pan-Asiatic or Pan-European. (There is something touching in the way that politicians, after failing to unite a single country, take refuge in the grandiose ambition to unite a continent.) Indeed, if the extent of territory concerned is any guide, Pan-America will take precisely twice as long to realize as the United States of Europe. For that agreeable chimera contemplates a mere union of the Urals with the Pas de Calais — a trifling business in which our sole concern is with a single continent, "*l'affaire*" (as Napoleon remarked of Waterloo before the battle) "*d'un déjeuneur.*" But Pan-America's sublime objective is a *Pax Americana* reigning from Cape Horn to Alaska — or rather, from Alaska to Cape Horn, since if there is any reigning to be done, it will occur north of the Rio Grande. A citizen of that Utopia could walk from Minneapolis to Valparaiso (leaping the Panama Canal) without a change of jurisdiction. But his walk (unlike the United European's, as he strolled from Lille to Nijni Novgorod) would take him through two hemispheres and a brace of continents. That is the cruel truth that lies concealed behind the splendid name, America. For, masquerading as a single continent, it happens to be two; and what is more, they are as different from one another as Europe and Asia.

More factors than geography and climate keep them apart. Race, economics, and religion have conspired to differentiate North from South America; and not all the perorations in the world are ever likely to unite them. For what have they in common beyond a name inherited by both continents from an explorer who discovered neither? Their moods are widely different; their ideals appear to run in

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opposite directions; and the looks that they exchange are rarely seen in lovers' eyes. For it can hardly be denied that South America views her northern neighbor with something bordering on apprehension. It is not for a mere European to appraise the reality (or otherwise) of the menace; but it is not, one feels, for nothing that the "*Peligro Yanqui*" is a commonplace of South American publicists.

One rueful northerner confesses that "the United States is known in Latin America chiefly by its movies, its jazz, and other aspects of its life which do not add to its prestige. Personal contacts are made chiefly by salesmen who frequently leave a bad impression as to our education and ideas." Can it be that South American misgivings are solely due to Harold Lloyd, the rhythm of the blues, and the defects of Babbitt as a conversationalist? I doubt it. For Europe is almost equally pervaded by obliging gentlemen with samples, by the disharmonic wails of dance music from Alabama, by the vast grimace of Hollywood; but there is nothing in the European mind comparable to the shrinking of South America from the "*Peligro Yanqui*." What is the reason? Such apprehension cannot, I think, have been inspired by jazz. Those tinny rhythms have no power to prevail against the lift and march of Argentina's tango or the dancing gayety of the maxixe; and South America is proudly conscious that her independence is not threatened from that quarter. Salesmanship never alarmed a nation, since a threat of commercial domination is just something to be dealt with by competition or tariffs. Besides, the mood of South America is scarcely one of mere apprehension, since it is occasionally tinged with resentment. One may dislike bad music or bad taste; one may feel a vague concern about aggressive foreign commerce; but one does not resent them. The one thing in the world that universally inspires resentment is a claim, spoken or unspoken, of superiority; and South America is acutely sensitive to such a claim from the United States.

III

This is the root of all the trouble. For the United States, sublimely aware of their preëminence in the Western Hemisphere, have not hesitated to impart that information to neighbors who did not require it. In the first place, of course, the Anglo-Saxon attitude was to blame. What Anglo-Saxon can resist the certainty that he is raised above mankind by something that he cannot quite express? (For your true Anglo-Saxon is nothing if not inarticulate; the vulgar business of expression may be left to lesser breeds.) Having attained this certainty, he is impelled by an exacting sense of duty to publish his results, to make the world aware of his superiority. The world frequently dissents; but since the Anglo-Saxon makes a point of knowing no language except his own, its dissent is wasted on him. Indeed, he often takes the gnashing of its teeth for an admission of inferiority. One further (and delightful) feature marked the case of the United States. By a delicious irony the less Anglo-Saxon they became, the more they realized their own elevation.

Such a conviction tends to irritate the neighbors; and since Uncle Sam made no secret of it, the neighbors were duly irritated. Besides, his lamentable sense of superiority was fed from a second source. There is nothing in the world that puts a man above himself like seniority. The bare fact of priority in time renders club-members — to say nothing of relations — quite intolerable. That smoking-room, they seem to say, was theirs before the latest member of the club was born or thought of; the waiters knew their preferences whilst a fellow-member was absorbing tapioca under feminine persuasion. Their gait proclaims it; and no information is more unwelcome to its young recipients, since we all dislike to be reminded that we rank behind anyone.

That certainty as well endangered Uncle Sam as a candidate for popularity on the American continent. For he was palpably the oldest member. His entrance fee was paid when he joined the society of free nations (with some assistance from King George III) in distant days when royal Viceroys corresponded in grave, official Spanish from New Granada to Tierra del Fuego. For nearly half a century his proud position was maintained as the one freeman in a continent of colonists; and it was small wonder he looked down his adolescent nose at his more docile neighbors. Then the contagion of liberty took the whole continent. Dawn after dawn of freedom flamed in the southern sky; there was a galaxy of Liberators; Wars of Independence became things of annual

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occurrence; and the United States, no longer isolated in their freedom, found themselves quite commonplace residents in a whole continent of republics. The club was growing; new faces looked round magazines and strange voices ordered light refreshments; but it was a consolation to remind new members that there was someone in the club whose seniority was quite undoubted.

Something of that mood speaks in the proud cadences of the Monroe Doctrine. For President Monroe informed the European Powers that he owed it "to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." Historians may debate the President's precise intentions; and the practical utility of his pronouncement is distinctly questionable, since the new liberties of South America were threatened by the armed forces of Spain and France, and an ugly look from President Monroe in 1823 would not have kept many French or Spanish troopships out of the River Plate. In harsh reality Mr. Canning's cruisers were the shield behind which the young republics grew. But the grave echoes of the Monroe Doctrine reverberated gravely; and its assumption of trusteeship served to show which way the wind was blowing between Washington and Buenos Aires. For there was a touch of condescension in its implications. The United States had intervened in the debate between Spain and her colonies with a plain intimation that Europe would not be permitted to prevail because the United States were constituted in some mysterious way the guardian of free republics on the whole American continent. By whose appointment they filled this honorable post was slightly obscure, since there was no evidence that anyone had asked for their protection or that they could have given any. But what was plain was the resounding fact that President Monroe cast the United States for the commanding rôle of guardian; and since guardians can hardly function without wards, his Doctrine contemplated that the pretty part of helpless infants would be played by the young republics of the South. That is the misreading of the facts which South Americans can never pardon; and there is something in its deliberate condescension which most nations would resent.

The facts, indeed, entirely failed to justify it. For the War of Southern Independence moved to its appointed end; Europe did not prevail; the beaten Spanish armies left behind them a galaxy of young republics; and when the cheerful wards obtained their victory without assistance from their self-appointed guardian, President Monroe was not justified of his children, because they obstinately refused to be children and proved themselves to be grown men. That was the answer to his claim; and that, one might have thought, would have disposed of his Doctrine. But by some perversity of the New England mind it has survived to set the tone of international relations between the United States and South America with its eternal and disastrous assumption of superiority. The young republics of the South grew steadily to fuller manhood; but, bravely undeterred by all the facts, the solemn periods of the Monroe Doctrine continued to announce to a politely interested Europe that the shrinking form of Argentina, the infant footsteps of Brazil would be protected by the United States from its encroaching grasp. Since few Europeans in the wildest dementia of Imperialism contemplate a conquest of Peru, the announcement was of slight importance to its recipients. But it was of growing interest to its exasperated audience in South America, where the news that Rio might sleep in peace among its mountains, watched over by West Point, failed to command Brazilian gratitude. There were no cheers in Buenos Aires for the name of President Monroe. For as an instrument of international good will his Doctrine committed the cardinal blunder of belittling those for whose benefit it was designed, and there is nothing more annoying to grown men than a standing offer of a ride in a perambulator.

IV

It was just that bland assumption of seniority which rendered the Monroe Doctrine increasingly distasteful to its beneficiaries in South America — of seniority and, if the truth must be confessed, of something more. If the United States have always been convinced that South American republics were not quite grown up, it was not altogether clear to the American intelligence that if they managed to

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grow up, the results would be wholly satisfactory. For the self-esteem of Washington, as it gazed south across the Rio Grande, was founded upon two convictions: that it was older than its Spanish neighbors, and that its own moral qualities were on a distinctly higher level. (The attitude is not unfamiliar in the case of elder brothers, since the Prodigal Son had one who suffered from the same delusion.) That hallucination seems to underlie the whole attitude of the United States to South America in all its manifestations; and South America, which might have pardoned the *Yanqui* tendency to treat her as a child, cannot forgive the graver error which regards her as a backward, a distinctly wicked child.

Yet North American acumen is constantly betrayed into that blunder. For when the Spanish-American makes his appearances in North American art or fiction, he enters with a bow, a sweeping cloak, a slightly excessive hat, a flashing smile, a touch of perfume, and a wicked air — in fine, the "bad man" from Mexico. He may set hearts fluttering; but he is ultimately foiled by a more unassuming blonde. All the misgivings with which fair-haired races regard the sleek heads of their darker neighbors are heaped upon him; and the most that any author will concede to him is that he has admirable manners. But however low he sweeps his hat, however gallantly his spurs may jingle, the audience retains its grave doubts as to his moral qualities. For he remains eternally the "bad man" from Mexico. Are there, one is inclined to ask, no "bad men" from Kansas City? Is life in Chicago a tedious procession of civic virtue? Are there no villians in Dubuque? This dependence on foreign sources of supply for wickedness is surely unhealthy; and, what is more, it has definitely warped the country's view of South America. For the New Yorker, as he sits beneath his Tammany vine, regards the citizen of Buenos Aires as a hapless victim of unnameable corruption; fresh from a political convention, with the ballyhoo still ringing in his ears and a vivid memory of its deliberations punctuated by brass bands and the timely interventions of vaudeville stars, he views Southern politics indulgently as a mere comic opera.

That is the fundamental error of the United States about their Spanish-speaking neighbors. For they have failed to catch the high gravity of Spain, the solemn eloquence that loves to theorize interminably as Don José theorized in Doña Emilia's drawing-room, where Joseph Conrad caught more of the mood of South American politics than is imprisoned in all the papers of all the research students that ever sailed from New England ports for South America. It was so tempting to regard the actors on that lively stage as merely voluble and picturesque. They were voluble, of course, because an animated language moves more swiftly than the staccato interchange of grunts which Anglo-Saxons mistake for conversation. And they were picturesque; for who could fail to be upon a sunlit scene between those mountains and that sea? But South America was not, was never wholly made up of color and animation. Had it been, it would matter no more in the world than Haiti. The sub-continent has seen the slow effort of the Spaniard and the Portuguese at war with tropical disease, with Indians, with the vast mileage of those stupendous distances; villages grew into cities, and cities spread along their gleaming water-fronts; great rivers become highways and men, like a family of ants, crept endlessly across the plains, the never-ending plains, until the mountains climbed slowly up the sky before them, and they braved the mountains and came down upon the steep slopes of the further side and heard Pacific waves along the beaches. That is the history of South America — no gay scenario of comic Presidents succeeding one another in a harmless rattle of revolutions, but the slow grinding of vast gates that open on a continent. It is so easy to miss its grave significance in the comic business of current politics — so easy and so flattering. For what experience can be more flattering to citizens of other countries than to look on indulgently while Costaguana persecutes her latest President? It helps them to forget their own defects in the contemplation of someone else's imperfections, to drown the shooting in their streets with Caribbean fusillades. It helps them, above all, to taste the deep security of greater age, to feel themselves a grave community of elder brothers looking down with kind, indulgent eyes upon the antics of the nursery. That is the source of almost every error in the attitude of the United States toward South America; and error will persist until the Big Brother complex is resolved.

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We Americans

I—Fred Salo, the Forgotten Man

by **TOM JONES PARRY**

I

LAST WEEK Fred Salo went back on his old job as timekeeper for the Seattle Iron Works. Mr. Westcott came into his little room between the main office and the foundry and shook hands with him heartily.

"It's good to see you back, Fred," he said. "Let me see, how long has it been since I had to lay you off?"

"It'll be two years next month since I been here, Mr. Westcott," said Fred. He looked about the drab little room. It was heavy with dust and on his battered oak table the ink had dried in the wells, but it was otherwise so sweetly familiar and homelike that he turned his eyes and looked away through the dingy window. In the yard outside Charley and Nels were stoking the Colby ten-ton crane.

"Believe me, I. . . ." He groped for more words, but when they came he feared to utter them and continued to watch Charley and Nels as they plied their shovels. They had steam up now, and Nels swung up to the controls and pulled the whistle. It was a spine-shivering blast, and Charley took off his hat and held it as men do when the flag goes by.

Mr. Westcott became crisply businesslike.

"We'd better go over the list and make up the payroll," he said. "We're only putting thirty-two men back, now, to take care of the Weyerhaeuser contract. You know most of them. If the Bloedel contract goes through, we'll need almost a full force."

II

IT WAS a glorious October Saturday when Fred Salo was laid off — "Temporarily, I hope," Mr. Westcott had said. Fred wasn't particularly blue as he made his table neat and orderly and took his coat off the wall and shook hands with the boss.

"I've been here eight years, Mr. Westcott," he said, "but I'll find something. I never been idle long in my life, you bet."

Mrs. Salo was cheerful, too, when she and Fred talked things over that evening. She was proud of the letter Mr. Westcott had given her husband. "It shows you was well thought of," she said, "and I'm glad he put that in about your good penmanship and how neat you kept the records."

Fred had this week's check for $38 in his pocket, and they had $278 in their savings account. The bills were all paid except one more $5.50 installment on the radio and six more months at ten dollars each on the piano. The Chevrolet was theirs and they were glad they hadn't traded it in on a new one last spring. Fred was pretty well satisfied with the old bus; he'd passed some pretty big cars with it on the hills.

"And we're all well, thank goodness!" said Mrs. Salo. "Elmer never looked better in his life, and, just think — he'll be in high school next year. Maudie's tonsils haven't bothered her either, and I'll warn her to keep her feet dry. I do think she should keep on with her piano lessons; she's getting so she plays real nice."

Monday and Tuesday Fred didn't look for work. There were a lot of odd jobs around home that he had been wanting to do for a long time. Wednesday he started off bright and early, Mr. Westcott's letter in his pocket.

"I bet I have a job before night, Gracie," he told his wife. Mrs. Salo, watching him from the back yard as he drove down the alley, bet he would too.

But he didn't when he came home at four o'clock. "I worked Railroad Avenue and down on First Avenue South," he said, "but most of those shops are laying men off. I'm going to try the mills out in Ballard to-morrow."

Ballard proved no better. The manager at

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the Hilton Mill laughed in Salo's face when he read Mr. Westcott's letter. "We don't need any timekeepers no matter how fancy they can write." Stetson-Ross were closing down and the Elliott Bay Mills were operating half time. Sorry.

Friday night Salo came home with a wrinkled forehead. He was gloomy and morose at dinner, and when Elmer said it was pal night at the Granada, their neighborhood movie, his father shook his head. Mrs. Salo, though, called him out to the kitchen after dinner and said she thought they ought to go.

"It'll cheer you up," she said, "and the program looks real good. There's a double feature and a Laurel and Hardy comedy and we can all get in for thirty-five cents."

When November came Mr. and Mrs. Salo sat with pencil and paper one evening at their golden oak dining room table. They still had nineteen dollars of Fred's last check, but the rent, thirty dollars, and the installments on the radio and piano were due. The grocery, meat, light, water, and phone bills were small, but they totaled $24.16. And Elmer simply must have a new pair of shoes, for the fall rains had begun. The mission clock was striking twelve when they decided to take seventy-eight dollars from their savings, leaving an even two hundred. "That will clean us up and leave us a little to go on till I get work," Fred reasoned.

November slipped into December before they realized it. Days had become meaningless to Fred. He had made the rounds of the industrial plants and the retail stores. He read the Male Help Wanted columns in the *Times* with dwindling interest. They were filled day after day with the same Exceptional Opportunity and Earn Big Pay advertisements which proved to be for barber colleges and schools of auto repairing and aviation, and interspersed among these were others announcing "Comfortable bedrooms, 35¢ night, $1.75 week," or "Sox, we darn 'em. New Richmond Laundry."

When Christmas approached it was strangely dark and forbidding. The festive streets and the tinkling bells of street-corner Santa Clauses seemed to belong to a forgotten world, as Fred listlessly walked the streets. He made few calls now, and sometimes whole days would pass without his mustering up courage for one interview, but he was ashamed to go home until nightfall. A few days before Christmas he and Gracie went shopping together. They took five dollars with them. Just something for the kiddies, they decided, spending carefully.

In January there were only sixty dollars left in the Salo savings account, but Fred came home one night with a little jauntier step and a shiny black case in his hand. "I'm a salesman," he told Gracie, and together they looked over his wares. They were razor blade sharpeners, and Fred ran into the bathroom and got some old blades out of the medicine cabinet and demonstrated. Gracie admired the device no end and Fred was genuinely enthused, and he rushed back to the bathroom and lathered his face, and Gracie ran after him and watched him.

"It works swell, better 'n a new blade!" Fred exclaimed. "Look, dearie, you never saw me get a smoother face than that, did you? I'll bet I can sell these!"

He did sell a few, too, in the weeks that followed, five out of the twelve in his case at a dollar each, but the case and twelve sharpeners had cost him six dollars. He tried the office buildings first, but he seldom got by the stenographer, and the few times he did he became flustered. What luck he had he got on the water front and on First Avenue South around the industrial plants where there were some men working. He was more at home there, and two or three times he went to the superintendents and asked for work. "I'll do anything," he said.

III

In February Drake Thatcher, Psychologist, came to town and advertisements in the newspapers announced his five free lectures, "How to Make Money, taught through eye and ear by the fastest methods known to science." Fred and Gracie read his advertisements together and decided to hear him. They had twenty dollars in cash now and they owed about seventy. They didn't figure any more at the golden oak table; they couldn't make things come out right if they did.

Drake Thatcher gave his free lectures in the Masonic Temple. The main hall was filled, but the Salos got there early and had good seats. Fred was thrilled by Thatcher's eloquence and overcome by his humor — he slapped his knees and bent over double he laughed so hard once or twice. Thatcher said there wasn't any difference in men, but some men thought they

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could and others thought they couldn't. A hush fell over the hall when he told about the marvels of the subconscious and superconscious minds.

"Oh! You work and worry and fret and tire out your poor, weak little conscious minds," he said, "and all the while you neglect the illimitable powers within you that can bring you abundant health, munificent wealth, and perfect happiness!"

When Gracie and Fred got home they talked over the lecture. For twenty-five dollars Drake Thatcher would teach you how to reach the subconscious and superconscious minds with any message of power and plenty you might desire. Fred wished he could take the course. "I believe it would put me on my feet," he told Gracie. "You remember what he said about being more than a teacher, that he was a lifelong friend of all his pupils, and if they got off the track once he'd put 'em back. I'd like to have that man for a friend; I never had anyone that's highly educated like him to take an interest in me." Gracie wished he could take the course, too, but they just didn't have the money.

One day toward the end of February they were down to seven dollars. Fred took his case of razor blade sharpeners. "Maybe I can sell one," he said when he left the house.

He did sell one, in an office building, too. He wanted to take the whole dollar home, but he was tired and so he sat up at the counter at the Owl Drug and ordered a cup of coffee. It might brighten me up, he thought, so I can sell another. While he was drinking his coffee, Louie Norton, who used to be a riveter at the Seattle Iron Works, came in and sat beside him. Louie was working three days a week at the Pacific Car and Foundry, he told Fred, and he asked Fred what he was doing.

Fred showed him his sharpeners and Louie said they were a mighty neat little gadget and bought one because he had a tough beard. Fred felt pretty good.

"Let's go up to Clara's and get a glass of beer," Louie suggested, "It'll be on me."

Fred didn't know who Clara was, but Louie told him she was a dame who made good beer, and Fred said he didn't mind if he did.

Clara had an apartment on Olive Way and she knew Louie and let him in. "Fred's a friend of mine," he told her, "and he's all right."

"What'll you have, beer or hot drinks?" Clara asked. Louie guessed he'd have a hot drink, it was kind of a cold day, and Fred said he guessed he'd have the same. Clara went out in the kitchen and Fred and Louie talked. When she came back she had two steaming glasses and a little glass pitcher of lemon juice and a can of nutmeg. "I know Louie likes lemon and nutmeg," she said, "how about you?" and Fred guessed he'd take the works.

Louie took him home, later, and Gracie was worried about where he'd been and sore. Fred felt pretty sick and went to bed, and the next day he had a headache and stayed home. Gracie was still sore. They sat in the kitchen by the range because the coal was low and they didn't keep the furnace going much now. When Maudie came home from school she practiced for a while on the piano, but her fingers got so cold she came into the kitchen, too, and then Elmer came in, and he and Maudie quarreled, and Fred thought his head would split.

"I don't know whatever we're going to do," said Gracie. "Mr. Behar asked for something on the grocery bill, and Foreman and Clark say they must have an installment on the piano. We can't go on forever like this, Fred."

IV

The Unemployed Citizens' League had been organized for some time, and it had twenty-two commissaries located in different parts of the city. These commissaries were manned by the unemployed, who took charge of distributing the food purchased by county and city funds. One of them was on Pine Street, four blocks from the Salos', and Fred had often seen men coming away from it with bags of groceries. "They're guys that are too lazy to work," he had said to Gracie. "I wouldn't be found dead with one of those bags."

But about the middle of March he was found alive with one. Mr. Behar cut off their credit. "You always been a good customer, Mrs. Salo," he said one Monday morning, "and I don't like to do it, but the wholesale house is riding me, and I got so many like you on my books. I don't know what the country's coming to."

For a week the Salos stuck it out. They used up the corn meal and cake flour they had, and a package of rolled oats. Elmer had got a paper route and they bought milk with his

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money. On Friday their coffee was gone and on Sunday they had nothing in the house but some jams and jellies Mrs. Salo had put up last summer. The children were cranky, and Elmer said he didn't see why his dad couldn't earn money like the other guys' dads did.

On Monday Fred went to the League Commissary. He walked by the door two or three times, and when he went in he stood by himself in a corner for a minute. There were only four or five people there, and they went up to the long counter with their bags and had them filled. Pretty soon one of the men behind the counter saw Fred. "What can I do for you?" he asked, just like the clerk at Behar's.

Fred was embarrassed, but the man helped him with his story.

"You go over to that table there," he said, "and register. And don't you feel bad, either," he added, "there's plenty of us in the same boat with you."

The man at the table was friendly and asked Fred to sit down. He took his name, and asked how long he'd been in the neighborhood, and how long he'd been out of a job, and how many dependents he had. Fred told him and the man called out to the chap behind the counter, "Make out a book for Fred Salo — four in the family."

"You get your food now, brother," he told Fred, "and to-morrow you come back and we'll assign you to a job. No work, no eat, around here."

The food looked good to Gracie — milk, coffee, butter, bread, prunes, sugar, oat meal, and canned salmon. "We don't get milk only every other day," said Fred, "and we got to go easy on the sugar — it's got to last two weeks."

When Fred went back the next day they assigned him to keeping the Commissary records; "on account of my good penmanship," he told Gracie. There was only about an hour's work a day at the records, though, so he helped unpack cases of food when they came in and he swept up when he could find any dust. The men were proud of how neat they kept the Commissary — you could eat off the floor.

Fred went downtown to the League Headquarters and registered as a regular member. He stayed for a meeting and heard a talk by J. F. Cronin, the president.

"We were organized to get jobs," Cronin said, "but we've come to the place where we have to think beyond the job. The conditions we find ourselves in can only be corrected by fundamental changes in our economic structure. We must stay together, even if work does come again, and build a better America for our children."

Fred clapped his hands so hard they tingled. "He's right," he said to the man next to him. "We've got to stick together and see this thing through."

Evenings he liked to go down to the Pine Street Commissary and talk over conditions. The *Seattle Daily Star* was running a column every night to raise a tobacco fund for the unemployed, so they had Bull Durham and cigarette papers and pipe tobacco.

At home he explained things to Gracie.

"It's this way," he said. "The money's all concentrated in a few hands like Mellon and Morgan and those guys. Hoover is hired by Wall Street and the rich can get anything they want. We're going to see a war in this country before this thing is over. The workers are going to unite and take things over, and then everybody'll have enough to eat."

Gracie hoped there wouldn't be a war.

Maudie's throat was sore one day and Gracie put her to bed. Fred went down to the Commissary and got some medicine for her to gargle, but it didn't seem to help. He told the man in charge of the Commissary, and he got a doctor to call and see Maudie.

"The child will have to have her tonsils out," the doctor said, and so when the swelling went down they took Maudie to Harborview Hospital. Fred's Chevrolet had a flat tire, but one of the boys from the Commissary drove them over in his Buick. "You'd never think this bus had gone ninety thousand miles to hear that engine purr, would you?" he shouted to Fred.

They were nice to the Salos at Harborview, but they couldn't convince Gracie that the operation was to be a minor one. She sat in the waiting room with Fred and Elmer until it was over. Maudie was all right, the nurse told them as they stood by the little white bed in the ward, but the doctor had said she'd better stay there for two days.

Gracie picked a bouquet of pansies from the front yard for the nurse, she'd been so good to her little girl. Foreman and Clark had taken

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the piano back while Maudie was at the hospital, but her mother didn't tell her, and when they brought her home Fred carried her in the back way so she wouldn't see it was gone.

The mayoralty campaign was on and the Unemployed Citizens' League endorsed John Dore. Fred went to a big mass meeting and yelled himself hoarse when Dore said no one would go hungry when he was mayor of the city. "He's a real friend of the workers," he told his wife.

He went, too, with Ed Stikowski to a meeting at the central headquarters of the League and heard Hulet M. Wells, one of the directors, speak. Wells talked on the principles of Socialism and the need for a new order of things. If the producers of the world would gain solidarity and use their right of suffrage intelligently, they could make progress through the ballot box, he said. Fred thought Wells had some good ideas, but they were hard to understand, and when Ed, who was a Communist, exclaimed, "We need bullets instead of ballots!" Fred said, "You bet we do."

It was fine weather now and the League had crews north of the city cutting fire wood. Fred went out and worked one day, but he wasn't used to swinging an ax and when he took hold of a cross-cut saw, he couldn't keep up with the man on the other end. The foreman watched him panting and sweating at it and laughed. "You better not bother to come out here," he said; "we got plenty of experienced loggers."

They had a camp kitchen and at noon they all ate at a big board table under some maples by a creek. The grub was fine, Fred told Gracie. "We had pork and beans and bread and coffee, and was I hungry!"

One Sunday in June there was the lowest tide of the year, and the Pine Street local of the Unemployed Citizens' League went out to the West Point lighthouse after clams. Everybody met at the Commissary, where they had three trucks. They loaded these with men and women and children, and they had banners on the sides, "We Want Jobs" and "We Want Justice."

The tide was way out when they got to the point, and they dug a whole truck load of razor-back and butter clams, and some of the men got gooey ducks. It was a bright sunny day and Mt. Rainier showed up like a big dish of ice cream. When the tide came in over the flat sand that the sun had warmed, the men and boys went swimming, and the kiddies waded, and so did some of the ladies, screaming and laughing when the crabs came after their toes.

In the afternoon they had a monstrous clam bake and hot coffee, and the sunset behind the Olympics was gorgeous. "You wouldn't believe it if you seen it in a painting," one woman said. When it was dark they built a big bonfire out of driftwood, and sang, "When You Wore a Tulip" and "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" and other songs. There was a half moon that night and when the *Princess Victoria* steamed by, all lit up, she looked like a fairy boat, and the big waves she made were full of phosphorous when they broke on the beach. "I don't want to ever leave here," Gracie said to Fred, with Maudie asleep in his arms.

The Power Company turned off the lights in the Salo home, but it was summer and it stayed light so late they didn't mind it much. But when Fred told about it at the Commissary, a man who was an electrician came home with him, and ran the wires around the meter so the lights worked. An inspector found that out a few weeks later, and bawled Fred out for it, and when Fred, frightened, asked if the Power Company would sue, the man laughed and said, no chance.

Every Wednesday night there was a League dance at Faurot's Hall and Fred was on the entertainment committee. The hall was donated and you couldn't ask for a better floor and the music was great; three of the men in the orchestra used to play at the Coliseum Theater. Gracie and Fred went in the prize waltz one night and came within three couples of winning the prize, a quilt made by the ladies of the League. They had circled two steps, and one time when they were going hands around in a circle Fred jumped in the middle, and began to jig. Everybody stopped dancing and clapped hands and stomped and yelled. "He ought to be on the stage," one woman said. In bed that night Gracie told him, "You was awfully funny, Fred, I haven't seen you cut up like that for years."

V

THE COMMUNISTS at the local had formed a little clique of their own, apart from

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the others. One of the men took Fred aside.

"We can't get anywheres with this self-help stuff," he said. "We ought to organize for direct action. We've had the capitalistic heel on our necks long enough. Why don't you be with us, comrade? We're going to do something about it pretty soon and we don't mean maybe. If a few of these banks get a brick through their windows, we'll get somewhere."

Fred damned the capitalistic system with him. As he walked home a huge, glistening sports roadster rolled by. There were two pretty girls and two husky young fellows jammed in front, and the rumble seat was loaded with golf bags and clubs. They were laughing and talking and their hair shone in the sun and their teeth were white against their tanned faces.

When Fred got home he shook his fist and cursed so that Gracie was frightened. "To hell with the Stars and Stripes!" he cried. "Here we are half fed and half clothed while the money barons have got swell automobiles and yachts, and they just laugh at us! You bet until we get Socialism or Communism in this country we won't get no place. Look at you, how long since you had a decent rag on you? Look at how thin Elmer and Maudie's getting! Look at me in this suit and these shoes. Ain't I looked for work? Didn't I try to sell? Ain't I done everything a man can do?" and he ran and threw himself on the sofa, writhing and moaning, and Gracie put her arms about him, and they lay there together, sobbing.

Their landlady, Mrs. Courtney, was a widow and she had been lenient with the rent. "I don't know what we'd have done with anybody else," the Salos often said. But in September she came to see Mrs. Salo.

"I've got to take the house, dearie," she said. "You were always good tenants when you could be and I know how it's been with you, but I can't live in an apartment any longer, my income has shrunk so. All my savings were in the Puget Sound Savings and Loan, and you know what that means. I don't even see how I'm going to meet the taxes on this place."

Mrs. Salo didn't tell Fred until after supper and then she didn't know just how to do it. Fred didn't say a word, just walked out the back door and went out to the garage. Mrs. Salo saw him kick the flat tire as he went in and then she heard him turn over the motor with the crank. He came in after a while and sat down by the kitchen table with his head in his hands, perfectly quiet. The alarm clock over the sink ticked unusually loud, and Mrs. Salo wanted to scream.

After a while he spoke.

"I'll tell the boys at the League," he said. "They'll help us."

But it was Mr. Westcott who helped them. He drove up one evening, and Fred recognized his Packard through the window.

"Why, it's Mr. Westcott! And he's stopping here!" he cried out to Gracie, and Gracie ran into the bedroom to kick off her old house slippers, and tidy up a bit.

But Mr. Westcott only came to the front door, where Fred met him, and when Gracie came back into the room he had gone and she found Fred on his knees with his hands clasped before his face. She ran to him, and he put his arms around her knees and buried his face in her dress, and he was shaking all over.

"Oh, Gracie, Gracie! I've got my old job back."

VI

When Fred came home Saturday night after his first week's work he had a pay check with him and he waved it at Gracie. They sat together at the golden oak table and looked at it. Pay to the order of Fred Salo, $25. "Gee, it looks good!" said Gracie.

Fred was tired, but it was a delicious feeling. He looked forward to sleeping late in the morning.

"We're pretty bad in debt," he yawned, luxuriously, "but I guess we can crawl out in four or five years, maybe sooner if prosperity keeps on. Mr. Westcott thinks he may get the Bloedel contract, and if he does it'll make things hum at the old plant. Mr. Westcott's got a lot of confidence in me, you bet, and if things get going I'll get a raise and then we'll get out of debt faster, maybe in three years, and then we can save a little money for a rainy day.

"I tell you, Gracie, I think conditions are going to be O. K. now. The guy that said, 'Don't sell America short' said a mouthful."

Next Month—"Peabody, Rugged Individualist."

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MR. ASH
On Soldiers' Pensions

by **GEORGE WELLINGTON**

"AUNT Loo sprained her foot."

Mr. Ash, who had been drowsing beneath the brim of his hat, elevated his feet to the porch rail, and settled more comfortably in the rocking-chair he was occupying. "How'd she do that?" he inquired.

"Done it in the dark." Mrs. Ash seated herself in the porch swing, and prepared to break the bean pods her apron held. "Stepped on Uncle Joe's head. It turned under her."

"Joe's head is roundin' like."

"She stepped on a ear. Says it slipped under her like a banana peel."

"Fleshy woman like Loo could sprain herself bad, doin' a thing in the dark like that," said Mr. Ash.

"It's got her down. She told me to help myself to beans. The hail didn't hurt their garden a bit. Ain't that Sammy Bindle humped up on that log, down there by the bend in the road?"

"That's Sammy," Mr. Ash agreed, after just consideration. "Don't look any too peart."

"Looks down, to me."

"Been fumblin' with red tape agin, I suppose," said Mr. Ash. "Dealin' with the government, a feller's got to expect the red tape to git knotted now and then."

"He'll never make it," Mrs. Ash predicted.

"Sammy fit in the Oregon Forrest," said Mr. Ash. "There's lots made it that never will know if they'd git seasick. He's had his backsets, of course," he added. "His eczema was a big disappointment."

"It never did come back, did it?"

"He scratched and hoped, and scratched and hoped fer months," said Mr. Ash. "Didn't do no good. It wouldn't come back. Sammy sagged powerful low, just thinkin' about it."

"I don't reckon they'd allow him anything on it, anyhow."

"Oh, Sammy says, accordin' to the law, a good case of eczema's worth ten dollars a month, any time," said Mr. Ash. "A old soldier figgers on his rights."

"Way he eats, person'd think he had a tapeworm."

"He ain't. They looked through him with a

pitcher machine. Didn't find nothing."

"Well, it goes som'ers," said Mrs. Ash. "He's et a power of vittles fer all he's got to show fer it."

"He's squandered a heap of grub," Mr. Ash admitted.

"Why, he's just a gapin' cave at a dinner table. I bet he's got glands in him 'ts all puffed up."

"Sammy seen the pitchers they took, hisself. He says it was a big surprise to him, the fine shape he's in. Made him feel powerful bad."

"Person'd think he could do something."

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"He read patent medicine advertisements fer months," said Mr. Ash. "Got so he felt poorly all the time. It didn't do no good. The doctor down at the vet'ran bureau wouldn't believe a word he said."

"I reckon they got a heap to contend with."

"Oh, Sammy don't hold it agin the doctor. He knows it takes more'n a set of scales to tell a gold brick."

"What Sammy Bindle needs is a woman," said Mrs. Ash. "Though God help whoever he gits," she added, not far outside piety.

"He tried woman trouble, too," said Mr. Ash. "It nearly worked. He fell in love with the knife thrower's girl at the carnival, t'other day. The feller throwed a battle-ax at him. Missed Sammy clean and split a post. He claims a inch 'd a lost him a ear. Broke him all up. It would be tantalizin' to have your pension

Drawings by Donald McKay

whizz by your ear that close."

"He's stirrin'."

"Looks like he's comin' to," Mr. Ash admitted.

"If these beans was in the pot, I'd blame it on his nose."

"Oh, I reckon the log just kinda got hard," said Mr. Ash. "It's a shellbark. Makes hard settin' in the long run."

"He'll be here fer supper," Mrs. Ash predicted. "I'm goin' to git these beans out of sight."

Mrs. Ash retreated to her kitchen.

Sammy Bindle's approach was made at a plodding gait. He plodded between posts where once a gate had swung; set foot on porch step; and then — the magic holding him together seemed to dissolve. The odds and ends of one sunk in gloom strewed Mr. Ash's steps.

"Even my houn' dog tongues on a cold trail!" Sammy sighed bitterly.

"I thought I heard your houn' tonguin' over back of Turkey Knob, last night," said Mr. Ash, cheerfully. "Sounded powerful sweet to the ear."

"Tongued all night on a cold trail."

"Dog 't tongues on a cold trail pesters a feller," said Mr. Ash, with ready sympathy.

"Dave Billery got shot."

"Bad?"

"Perfeck. He'll be a cripple fer life."

"That ain't worth a nickel to Dave."

"Not a nickel."

"How'd it happen?"

"We was fox huntin'," Sammy Bindle explained. "A feller gits hungry, fox huntin'."

"Night air whets the appetite," Mr. Ash agreed.

"We come along past Rundle's roost 'long about three o'clock. Dave thought it'd be all right to borry a chicken. The old man turned loose both bar'ls from a upstairs winder. I wasn't three feet from Dave, and there wasn't ary shot tetched me!" Sammy Bindle's despondency was absolute.

"We're goin' to have green beans fer supper." Mr. Ash's manner was that of one who approached with antidote in hand.

"I could eat a peck of green beans."

"We ain't got a peck of green beans; we only just got a mess." Mrs. Ash stood in the doorway leading to the front room.

"I kin put up with a mess of beans," Sammy assured her, his tone that of one firmly aware of a guest's rights.

"Sammy's goin' to stay fer supper." Mr. Ash seemed but then aware of his wife's presence.

"And you asked him!" Mrs. Ash accused. "Don't deny it! I heard you with my own ears. And you know very well there ain't a bit of arsenic in the house!"

"Grub's the only thing I ever been lucky in," said Sammy Bindle. "It don't never make me sick, don't make no difference who cooks it. I kin pack in anybody's cookin'."

Reassembling his parts, he moved from sunny spot to shade.

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In Our Stars

The World Fifty Years from Now—II

by **LEWIS MUMFORD**

I

"On any purely rationalist-materialist forecast our civilization is hurrying headlong to the devil, in spite of all the attempts of our optimists and pacifists to keep up our spirits. . . . Forecasts should therefore be entirely Utopian."

With these words, used by Mr. Bernard Shaw to preface a lecture in 1929, I am in agreement. Social predictions are ways of indicating the direction of men's desires and purposes: they are quite different, therefore, from the prediction that hydrogen and oxygen will combine under suitable conditions to form water. Not merely is there a constant element of chance in all human predictions: there is also an underlying complexity in the institutions and structures and men that hides a good part of the present out of which the future may emerge.

To put it briefly: the making of the future is a competition between Utopias. Those who can see in the future only an enlargement or strengthening of forces dominant in the present are, under the fiction of being realistic and objective, making a utopia out of a limited here and now. A good prediction in the second century A.D. was not one that foretold the continued expansion of the Roman imperium: it was one that recognized the ultimate importance of an obscure slave-cult called Christianity which despised earthly power and sought beatitude in an ideal heaven. Who could have foretold that the power of Rome was weak and the weakness of Christianity powerful? The idea, surely, could have occurred only to a Christian — as it did later to St. Augustine — who had set himself to effect this transvaluation.

It is in no sense, then, as a "neutral observer" that I set down these predictions about the economic order of the world fifty years from now. Comte's motto: "See to foresee, foresee in order to act," is the basis of these thoughts about the future: they are, if I may displace current usage slightly, *on my agenda*. It is part of my business in the world to see that they gather the necessary unanimity of ideas and force to make them actual.

II

By 1982 it will become apparent that the Era of Expansion, which characterized the world from the fifteenth century onward, has come to an end: the era of settlement has taken its place. The population of Western Civilization will, through the operation of birth control, have reached stability; Asia and Africa, in the throes of even more profound changes, will be haltingly following suit. Instead of exploitation by mere spread and plunder, a stable and orderly culture of the earth and its resources will take its place.

But this does not imply that shifts will not be in order. On the contrary, there will be, for the first time, an organized movement of peoples into regions of greatest advantage; this will be accompanied by a sorting out of races and institutions into those geographic areas in which they can obtain the maximum satisfaction of their life-demands. Most of the coal-mining regions will be deserted; there will be a steady withdrawal of white peoples from the tropics; Australia will be abandoned to the Japanese by its white inhabitants, who will return to an England capable of supporting by agriculture almost double its present population.

By this time, of course, there will be the beginning of a world plan of colonization; the whole process of disorderly seizure, beginning with the Spaniards and Portuguese in the sixteenth century and coming to a head in Japan's

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encroachments on the Asiatic mainland in the twentieth, will be replaced by a rational procedure. This task of recolonization will be aided by the lessened animal pressure of population and by the gradual extinction of the unitary national state; for power in the international sphere, once jealously claimed by separate bellicose "sovereign states," will be in the hands of the World Community, with its common written language — ideographs — and its universal system of justice. National boundaries, whose principle use at present is in warfare and the collection of customs, will cease to be real; the region as an economic and social entity will serve as the smallest unit of world-administration. This loose federal organization, bringing into harmonious coöperation diverse races and nationalities, is already amply foreshadowed in the federal union of Soviet Russia.

III

DIFFERENCES between lands and climatic belts, though still important for living, will become less significant both in industry and agriculture. The technique of science and industry will no longer be the peculiar property of any one people; hence even the loose division of the world into the areas that supply raw materials and those that work up manufactured goods will have been largely wiped out. Each region will manufacture a large share of products for its own use; special advantages will have disappeared before the more important fact of a common technique.

In agriculture, the equalization of advantage will be equally plain. An outburst of technical knowledge, in relation to plant breeding and adaptation, will give biology a place in twentieth-century economy that had been occupied by the physical sciences from the seventeenth century onward. Greater yields of old crops, new modifications of soil, new plants, the climatic adaptation of tropical plants to northern conditions, quickened processes of growth, utilization of special rays in promoting and retarding seeding, will place agriculture throughout the world on a basis foreshadowed by present-day horticulture in Holland. As a better scientific understanding of physiology destroyed the childish Victorian dream of manufacturing synthetic pellets of food in a factory, investigation and imagination turned toward nature as a laboratory of fresh syntheses; the advances made within the next fifty years will perhaps be greater than those made since the original domestication of plants.

These advances will change the whole aspect of northern agriculture, and shift the center of gravity in our civilization. As a result, even lac and rubber, two highly localized commodities, will be grown as far north as Sweden; the ruthless slave-driving practiced in the tropics to make these special products available will give place to intense coöperative farming. In this transformation, advanced agricultural countries, like Belgium, Holland, and Denmark will at first take the lead; but presently the new techniques will be in use all over the world. For the first time since the Industrial Revolution, the fear of being cut off from the base of supplies will cease to dominate the policy of industrial countries.

With a sufficient agriculture so widely distributed, the need of world trade and world markets will diminish, and a potent cause of imperialistic friction and warfare will disappear. Agriculture, partly by reason of intensive production under glass, will be placed on a more calculable basis; farmers will manufacture their seasons instead of passively submitting to nature; the sudden gluts and shortages which disrupted the market and gave an opportunity to the canny speculator will belong to the past. As in industry certain rare raw materials and special skills will remain a source of world commodity flow, so in agriculture, wheat and corn will still be produced by semi-intensive methods in the natural areas of increment, thus permitting a fuller expanse of parks and gardens in the more populated areas. But on the whole, crops and manufactured goods will move shorter distances in 1982.

This rationalization of agriculture accounts only in part for the shrinkage of the great port cities of the nineteenth century; the old harbors of Liverpool, Hamburg, Antwerp, New York will be curiously quiet. For in addition, world trade will be taken off its crazy competitive basis; the timing and filling of cargo boats will be taken care of by a world organization, similar to the Port Authorities of London and New York, acting in conjunction with a world marketing bureau. Instead of fifty partly laden boats leaving the harbor in a day, going to the same places, wasting time at fifty docks, ten boats, fully laden and nicely timed, will do the

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same work. Competitive haulage and cross-haulage will all but disappear; the rush and press of traffic will be taken, not as signs of "prosperity" but as symbols of what they really are: disorganization, anarchy, waste.

IV

Because of the continued improvement of agriculture and its closer coöperative organization, the gap between the urban and rural occupations will be narrower; they will not merely work in closer unison, but mechanical processes themselves will be adjusted to the demands of agriculture, so as to enrich and vary occupational activity. This, in turn, will come as the result of a much more profound rationalization of industry than the old-fashioned engineer had conceived of.

In 1982 industrial rationalization will be based upon three facts. The first is the equalization of demand. Production under the price system is based upon differential demand; those industries are supported where the opportunities for the greatest gain are present; if the margin cannot be squeezed out of the market, it is wrung out of the workers themselves — as it is, for example, in the coal, iron, and textile industries. In 1982 credits allocated to industry will be founded, not upon the possibilities of profit, but upon the actual life-needs of the entire community.

By instituting communism in consumption, at a certain standard of living redetermined at intervals, the demand for all the essential commodities will be predicted and set in advance. When this basic demand is satisfied, no further effort will be made to peg up consumption to the point where it will absorb more than the calculated quantity of commodities. Not merely will this prevent the expansion of non-essential industries at the expense of the more fundamental ones; it will also enable gains to be registered in increased amounts of leisure. The basic subsistence minimum will be determined, as it is in a household, not upon the actual work performed by the individual, but upon his biological and social needs.

In short, by 1982 the institution of private ownership and private control of production in the interest of private power and private profit will have been completely deflated. The disgraceful effort to avoid organizing communism in production and distribution by abandoning machine-improvements and creating "busy work" for the unemployed will be looked upon as one of the culminating barbarisms of the early thirties. What began in Europe as unemployment insurance will become, by 1982, the methodical basis of distributing the annual income and guaranteeing an outlet for the estimated quotas of agriculture and industry. Under capitalist accountancy, to raise productive capacity to infinity would lower private gain to zero and bring production itself to a standstill; on the new terms, to increase production is also to increase the effective demand of the whole community; the community becomes richer, not poorer, as its products tend to become as "free as air."

The basic minimum will have the effect upon society at large that the small rentier's income had upon the better members of the British upper classes; it will remove the last temptation to become obsessed with abstract money-making, and turn people's minds to public service and more aristocratic forms of satisfaction.

The second great fact in industry will be the increase and wider distribution of mechanical power. The localization of power in the coal beds and along the railroad lines that tapped them, to say nothing of the dirty and degrading processes of making this power available, will belong to the past: sun-generators will be perfected. These sun-generators, sometimes used locally, but built on a grand scale in the semi-arid regions of constant sun-exposure, will put almost the entire world on a kinetic electric power basis; as the cost of the original equipment is amortized, the costs of power-production will approach zero. Water and wind will both still be used as supplementary sources; even the soft coal areas, whose open beds can be worked by great digging machines, will still be utilized. Giant power will force the pace of rationalization. The black and smoky industrial slums of the nineteenth century will no longer be a symbol of "progress": they will have disappeared, except for two small cross sections, preserved at Pittsburgh and Birmingham as social museums.

The third step in rationalization will come through the actual diminution of mechanical work. Not merely will work be done more efficiently and automatically, aided by a planned and coördinated system of production;

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but, as the motive of private gain ceases to operate, the stimulation and satisfaction of meretricious wants will be done away with: whimsy and caprice will be served by voluntary effort, and by amateur means. With the necessity for a continuous expansion of the market gone, the industrial plant will be reduced to a replacement basis, except in new industries. Whole industries will be wiped out — like the toothpaste industry and the patent medicine industry — by the spread of an elementary knowledge of products and processes. This knowledge will be distributed by departments like the United States Bureau of Standards, organized on a world scale; but unlike our present American bureau, they will serve, not the private manufacturer, but the community at large.

The condition of balanced consumption and supply; the slowing of the tempo of production; the increase of utilizable leisure; finally, an emphasis upon quality rather than quantity — these will be the chief marks of the industrial process in 1982. Rationalization in industry, so far from taking place merely within the industrial plant, will be a part of the increased direction and human purposiveness of life itself.

The pace of invention in the mechanical arts will have visibly slackened. The Machine Age will cease, in itself, to be amusing: this civilization will be life-centered, not machine-centered. Humane and well-balanced personalities, produced on a great scale as a result of new educational methods and opportunities as well as a much longer process of deliberate nurture, will not regard the machine as a sufficient playtoy; neither will they be tempted to exploit mechanical invention as a means of securing power and prestige. No one will quite believe, in 1982, that invention was looked upon in 1932 as in itself an indisputable blessing, nor will they believe that the engineer was regarded as little less than a demiurge who would save the world. As for the specialist routineer in any field, that typical product of a quantitative pecuniary culture, with no standards except those of financial success — he will have no place in the society of 1982. One-sided specialization is a form of abstract efficiency which will be limited to sports, pastimes, hobbies, where it may sometimes have a therapeutic value in compensating for some organic defect: it will no longer have a part in the serious business of life.

V

But although the Machine Age will come to an end by 1982, do not misunderstand the rôle of technics at that later period. Its value will not diminish: the point is that its applications to life will be more manifold and subtle, becoming more deeply integrated with human needs — not brutally denying them or displacing them. The age of electricity and the lighter metals will be more refined, more efficient, more delicate, than the paleotechnic régime. Compared with the gross constructions of the coal and iron period, even the most gigantic structures of the new period will have a certain light elegance: the positive quality of the new Hudson River bridge, greatly magnified.

But along with the neat and dexterous techniques of the new order will go a fresh habit of mind, a habit which will seek an integrated solution for problems that people still seek to solve in 1932 by purely mechanical methods. This displacement of the abstract, cockney habit of mind will be furthered, no doubt, by the fusion of the rural and urban occupations, and by the spread of more vital outlooks and techniques within the cities themselves. It will be aided, likewise, by the union of labor and leisure. What work cannot be done by purely automatic contrivance will be more lively and intelligent than it was in the paleotechnic factory; work itself will be considered as an educational opportunity.

The utilization of the merchant marine for education will be one of a hundred ways in which industry will be directed, not solely toward quantitative production, but toward vital achievement and experience. Sharing the work of every trading vessel will be special crews of high school students, under the direction of their teachers. By a system of international exchange, the junior and senior classes will spend four months out of the year in six-week visits to different ports, where they will stay in students' hostels, like the present German *Jugendherberge*, and attend the regular high school. As a result of educational opportunities like these, the world of 1982 will not be populated by the savage, parochial, landlocked minds that menace the world-order in 1932.

Socially productive work and humanly valuable leisure will be a part of everyone's

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heritage; about a third of the present working year will suffice to provide the necessaries of life, at a standard which only the upper twentieth of the population enjoys to-day. All activity beyond this third will be in the nature of recreation. The activist ideals of Renaissance and Industrial society will already be in suspicion; a new culture of the contemplative life will be in process.

Where will the population live? Neither in isolated country houses nor in toppling skyscrapers. On the contrary, the deliberate communistic organization of production will reënforce the social facts of man's own nature. The new units will be a cluster of complementary communities, no one of which will have more, probably, than a hundred thousand people. While television will perfect distant communication, a sound organic view of experience and education will not limit intercourse to this thin, abstract level; direct personal contacts will increase, rather than diminish, and the region as a whole will take the place now occupied in our social economy by the congested and inefficient metropolis. The destruction of the wilderness areas will cease: the barbarous automobile road will no longer vulgarize the solitude and adventure that men will seek in the Appalachians and the Himalayas.

Perhaps the closest prefigurement of the world at large in 1982 will be found in Holland to-day, with its orderly, rational agriculture close to its trim and well-planned new Siedelungen, with its manufactured soil and its close, constant touch with raw nature in sea and lake, with its courageous mastery of its destiny by the use of the very forces, first Nature, then the Machine, that threatened it. But in the new civilization, the rotten houses and decayed institutions, that still linger even in Holland, maintained by the bourgeoisie out of cupidity and fear, will be ruthlessly cut away; they will have no place in the hundreds of new communities, set in the midst of gardens and watercourses. In contrast to the imposing civic monuments of the past, the buildings of 1982 will deliberately be a little frail and provisional — bubbles of glass, formed by the surface tension of need and custom over a particular institution. As new construction supplants the old, the historical past will be preserved in museums, and not in the actual houses, buildings, cities, that new men must use in new ways.

VI

THE EXTERNAL environment I have been so sketchily describing is the product of economic and social and ideological forces, all of which exist under the surface of our present bellicose, money-ridden, and altogether mad society. But the meaning of this environment lies only in the sort of life it will foster and subserve. The great strides made by 1982 in rationalization would turn society into a well-drilled beehive, or what is worse, a hornet's nest, were it not for the fact that counterbalancing forces will appear. These forces will work themselves out on the level of communal and personal discipline, erotic and marital experiment, a whole series of new initiatives in the culture of the personality itself.

The magical advance guard of this new development can plainly be seen to-day in a score of sects and cults and theories, including psychoanalysis, which bear the same relation to the ordered knowledge and practice of 1982 as the alchemy of Paracelsus does to the chemistry of Mendelejev. Love-making, selective mating, the nurture of children, all these will have a place in the actual life of society fifty years from now that they hardly occupied even in Romantic literature during the nineteenth century. With the slowing down of the tempo of industrial production, with the diversion of interest from the machine, art and thought will have access to surplus energies and talents, comparable to what happened during the Renaissance when the best minds ceased to have their days and duties circumscribed by the Church. Not merely will the material slums be demolished: the slums of thought, so hastily clapped together under the same profit-and-power motives during the last three hundred years, will likewise be razed and replaced by healthier, comelier structures.

In this work the world of 1982, while closing out whole tracts of the past, will be conscious of an almost illimitable future. If our old science was mined and smelted as hastily as iron, the new knowledge men will seek will be like the extraction from tons of pitchblende of a few grains of radium. These grains will have many uses; who knows? they may even serve to exterminate some of the cancers that from the beginning of time have eaten at the breast of man.

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Why We Women Won't Buy

by **CATHERINE HACKETT**

As one of the twenty million housewives who do 85 per cent of the buying in this country, I seem to have become in recent months a figure of even greater national significance than the bewildered little man who represents the Common People in cartoons. My newly discovered importance is due to the insistence of our best minds in government and industry that economic recovery depends largely upon my loosening up the family pursestrings. I must buy more so that idle factories may operate again, putting some of the tragic ten million unemployed back to work.

I cannot ride in a street car or read a newspaper or listen to my radio or go to a movie without being urged to "Stop Hoarding — Buy Now," to "Join a Million Others — Give One Worker a Job," or to "Take Advantage of the Lowest Price in Ten Years — Buy One of Our New Super-Model Electric Refrigerators."

As director of the family budget, also at the lowest point in ten years, I am told that it is my duty as a thrifty housewife to take advantage of cheap labor and commodity prices to have the spare bedroom repapered and the floors done over by the local unemployed, to buy as many dresses and hats and shoes as I can afford for myself and the children, and to re-stock my linen closet. It appears also to be my duty as a patriotic citizen concerned with speeding up recovery by stimulating market demand, putting money back into circulation, and relieving unemployment. I have it on the authority of Senator Robert Wagner, authority on unemployment, that "we can do what we will to bolster up credit, but it will not be used until there is increased consumption of goods." Increased national consumption, it appears, is largely up to me. If consumption is the key to prosperity, the success of the national economic recovery program hinges on me, Average Housewife.

It is of course admitted by everyone that I have considerably less to spend than in the good old days of 1924–29, when I helped along the Boom by buying luxury goods on the installment plan in such quantities that many of our best economists, led by Mr. Hoover, intimated that the United States had entered a new economic era in which slumps would no longer occur, and we almost believed that rainy days were permanently abolished by the Republican Party. But the government and the producers and the retailers now look reproachfully at me, charge me with hoarding instead of spending, and call me a factor in prolonging the depression. There seems to be curiously little effort to discover my side of the case. I have the impression that American Business, dangling ever lower bargain price tags before me, puzzled by the failure of the old economic law that lower prices increase sales, is grumbling, "What ails these women anyway?" I am not even doing my part in calling upon the local employment committee for unemployed men to do those odd jobs around the house and garden.

What Ails These Women

What ails these women is that I and the other millions of housewives who were persuaded for a time to exercise what buying power was left us to revive business and promote the family welfare by getting the largest

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possible satisfaction out of the family income, have had experiences which convinced us that neither of these ends was being served. As a consequence we have built up a sales resistance against which the government, advertisers, door-to-door salesmen, and department store managers batter in vain.

My patriotic duty to Buy More was borne in upon me last fall when the family returned home after a year abroad — a year in which the "temporary economic recession" of 1930 had turned into the greatest depression in history. It was no longer merely something to read of in the newspapers. It was at our very door, in the faces of lean men who, with what dignity they had left, came asking for work around the house and garden; in the embarrassed appeal of the discharged landscape director for a once prosperous local florist who asked for work as a common gardener; in the endless number of door-to-door salesmen trying to support their families by selling me trick orange squeezers and cleaning brushes and violently scented soap. "I feel that I am really doing you mothers a service, madam, in bringing this ideal baby soap to your attention" — pathetic attempt to preserve self-respect in a trade where slamming doors and curt replies shatter its last vestiges! It was in the frenzied advertisements of the greatest bargain sale of shoes, or sheets, or washing machines in history, behind which one saw the clothing and household commodity industries caught in a tail-spin in prices, trying to lure the female bargain-hunter — and aren't we all? — by cut-price tags.

It had become smart to be thrifty and there was no longer a national determination to keep up with the Joneses. In the old Boom era I could buy a jar of bath salts or an extra pair of evening slippers without an uncomfortable consciousness of the poor who lacked the necessities of life. I could always reflect happily on the much-publicized day laborers who wore silk shirts and rode to their work in Fords. Now it was different. The Joneses were considered to be callous to human misery if they continued to give big parties and wear fine clothes. Every instinct was to give as much as possible to local relief agencies for the innocent and hungry victims of the depression. Buying an automobile might give one man work for sixty days, but the man was so far removed that one had much more satisfaction from giving a local charity money to buy shoes for the destitute family one read about in the evening newspaper. It is pleasanter to hear the mumbled "thanks, lady" of a street peddler from whom one buys some useless gadget than the crisp "thank you, madam" of the salesman who serves you through the regular channels of trade.

But as I sat down to draw up a new family budget, I was being urged on all sides to take a long view of relief; to stimulate industry and reduce national unemployment by buying more; to help the local jobless, with benefit to myself, by having long-overdue improvements made on the house. It was the higher duty to spend as much as possible to bring about the upswing of the business cycle. If the family income had come down, so had prices — 40 per cent since 1929.

The Budget Problem

Certain things had to be taken into consideration before deciding on a lump sum devoted to buying to restore prosperity. Being caught in the 1930 deluge taught us to set aside a certain amount for the umbrella fund, come slump, come boom, in the future. An increased sum for income taxes, since the government in its wisdom had seen fit to subtract more money from the amount we would normally spend at the very time it was urging us to buy more. Pencil poised over rows of figures, I felt a slight irritation at the insistence upon balancing the national budget no matter what happened to our own. Why hadn't the Treasury laid aside a rainy-day fund during the days of prosperity and annual surpluses? I reflected also that an increase of even a few dollars in the income tax of a family spending about 90 per cent of its revenue in day-to-day buying appreciably reduces its purchasing power, while my wealthy neighbor spending about 40 per cent of his one hundred thousand dollar income could pay a much larger tax than he does without canceling his order for a new Lincoln.

There was left, after these subtractions, a certain amount to be spent for food, clothing, household commodities, and repairs. I determined to break away from the widespread fear-of-the-future complex which prevents buying, to assume that the family wage-earner would continue to be employed without further

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wage cuts, and that commodity prices had hit the bottom and were due to rise. This last was a large assumption. I have read enough predictions by economists to convince me that my guess is as good as anyone's on the future trend of prices. A housewife plays the falling commodity market just as an investor plays the falling stock market; she sits tight and waits for prices to settle before buying anything but actual necessities. But I do not need to be an economist to realize that if all the twenty million housewives do that, business recovery will be indefinitely delayed.

So in the era of the great bargains I started in to do my bit in lifting the nation out of depression. It was good fun at first. I bought all the stockings I needed for once in my life and replaced my made-over-from-two-seasons-ago dresses with up-to-date models, with the pleasant consciousness that I was springing to the assistance of Mr. Hoover in his battle to restore business activity. With the two-dollar silk stockings of three years ago selling for a dollar and twenty cents, and five-dollar silk dresses in all the store windows, I could purchase out of a reduced family income without feeling extravagant. Bargains lured me over every counter. As I raced from a store selling bedsheets at one dollar apiece to another down the block offering them for ninety cents, laying in a few extras against the time when prices would go back to normal, I could almost hear the hum of long-idle textile looms getting into action again. The shoe industry was offering shoes at half the price I used to pay. Shoe styles do not change radically and one can lay in a supply for future use, so I gave a push there too.

The "Bargains" Come Home to Roost

After weeks of enthusiastic though thrifty buying, I realized that something was wrong. Inasmuch as the general level of commodity prices had fallen 40 per cent since 1929, I expected to pay six dollars for an article of the same quality for which I used to pay ten, to buy the two-dollar stockings and sheets of yesteryear for a dollar and twenty cents. Then my bargain stockings began to wear out; not gradually and decently, as one expects stockings to do, with a small hole here and a run there so that they can be mended, but complete and sudden disintegration after a few wearings. My bargain dresses were made without hems and seam allowances, very necessary if one gains weight, or skirt lengths go down, and one counts on more than one season's wear. Bargain shoes looked very nice the first time I wore them, but assumed stranger and stranger shapes with every subsequent wearing until they obviously were not meant for the human foot. Certain parts of the inner construction went into complete dissolution if I was caught in a shower. Five-dollar shoes are no bargain if it takes two or three pairs of them to give the wear one used to get from a ten-dollar pair. The cheap sheets were the last straw; when I began using them I found they ran several inches under size specifications and had imperfections which would formerly have classed them as seconds, to be sold at sharply reduced prices.

All the while I was hearing that wholesale prices of cotton, wool, silk, rayon, rubber, and leather of the first quality were the lowest since 1914, while practically every industry had reduced wages. Retail price tags were down, but so were production costs. But here was I, doing my best to revive business and being forced to test the quality of everything I bought by the methods of my grandmother's day. I rubbed linens with a moistened finger, I burned samples of silk to find how much tin weighting they contained, and washed them to test colors. The confidence I had in retail stores which used to compete for my trade not by price-cutting but by guaranteed quality has been shaken as I have realized that low prices do not make a bargain.

Even more important is the fact that these experiences have made me suspicious of industry, forcing me to the conclusion that something is wrong if low retail prices, justified by reduced production costs, are used as an excuse for selling me poor quality goods. Again not as an economist but as a housewife looking for a reason or an excuse, I wonder if the manufacturer is having the same experience as myself in paying for boom period investment in depression dollars. The stock market quotations are evidence that few producers are earning a profit. But plants were expanded and industry capitalized on the basis of an inflated, oversold market financed by installment buying, and obviously a way must be found to carry that investment even though plants are idle

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in a stagnant market. The producer who cuts his prices in the ratio indicated by lowered production costs, and then effects further savings by skimping on quality, makes more than the producer who maintains the quality of pre-depression days. I appreciate his problem of carrying an inflated capital investment, but I cannot afford to help him out by purchasing clothes and furniture and household equipment which do not last. Multiply my experience by twenty million and there is perhaps an explanation of reports in to-day's newspaper: "Failures in the textile industry for the second quarter of the year set an all-time record," and "In manufacturing establishments there was a reduction of 3.6 per cent in the number of employees during the past month."

I begin to see hopeful signs that industry is realizing that the woman bargain-hunter may be appealed to through quality rather than through cutthroat price competition alone. Last March a group of women's apparel manufacturers formed the National Quality Maintenance League, with the slogan "For better standards in style merchandise." A letter just received in answer to inquiry as to the purposes of the League states, "We believe that the recent trend toward lower prices without regard for quality has been destructive and unprofitable for the consumer, retailer, and manufacturer alike."

The League chairman, Mr. Julius Forstman, woolen manufacturer, stated at the organization meeting that "the argument advanced in defense of inferior merchandise is that the present economic situation, with its attendant reduction of individual incomes, makes its sale imperative. This argument, to my mind, is basically wrong. It is not restricted income nor has it been the demands of women as consumers which have created this condition. It is true that incomes have been reduced, but it is equally true that the cost of good quality merchandise of every kind has fallen practically in equal ratio with incomes. The fundamental reason for the ascendancy of inferior merchandise is its determined and unceasing promotion at low prices by competitive manufacturing and retail outlets. This destructive system has benefited no one. The public has gotten poor merchandise and neither the manufacturer nor the retailer has made any profits in a producing and selling system based on foolish and uneconomic price cutting. Women are rapidly losing faith in the constantly reiterated appeal of cheapness."

Again I note in a current newspaper article recording the arrival of winter buyers in New York: "Quality rather than price is being stressed by many of these buyers who believe the public is tired of sales with price appeals and now is ready for quality appeals." I await with interest the reaction of the less enlightened producers of clothing and accessories and household furnishings to this movement.

There is, however, a significant announcement in the next column; the president of the Association of Retail Clothiers and Furnishers advises the trade: "eliminate the thought of price and give the retailers something to talk about in fashions and you'll see an astonishing change. Consumers are fed up on price. They want fashions."

"Change the Styles On 'Em!"

Yes, we want fashions, but not in the sense implied here. We will always be susceptible to fashion appeal based on æsthetic line and use of color, but resentful of the arbitrary edict "change the styles on 'em!" which the clothing industry has sent out with increasing frequency since 1929, attempting to change styles so radically from one season to the next that we cannot make last year's dresses into this year's models. I also have learned a lesson from my efforts to be "style conscious," and the result is exactly the opposite of that contemplated by the industry when it attempts to stimulate buying by drastic changes in fashions.

I remember that for a good many years before the Depression, styles ran along the same general lines from one year to the next. Dresses had little more shape than a pillowcase; they had string belts which you moved up or down an inch from season to season, meanwhile taking up or letting down the hem, and there was no fit to them so it didn't matter at all if you gained or lost five pounds. Try to put on the dress of last winter, which fits like a sausage case, if you gained five pounds this summer! Hats were shaped to cover the head. With a few alterations you could fool even your closest friend with a last year's outfit. One of the outstanding characteristics of the Depression is the rapidly changing styles in women's

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clothes. I may be doing an injustice to the women's apparel industry, but I imagine its leaders going into a huddle every few months when it is discovered that demand is still falling off, and concocting some new style which makes it impossible for me to make a 1931 dress look like What They Are Wearing Now.

I was one of the many women who were caught in the Eugénie hat boom and ensuing crash of last Fall. I had just become used to wearing my hats hanging off the back of my head when I learned that the new hats must hang over one ear, the down slope being accentuated by a trailing ostrich plume. I bought two Eugénie hats — a winter's supply — and found that they simply didn't go with last year's dresses. So I bought new trailing dresses, "softly feminine," to go with the hats. In three months Eugénie hats were as definitely "out" as the boyish bob, and I was told to wear hats which sat more confidently on the head and flared over the left eye. I and the other women who did our part in stimulating the hat and ostrich feather industry look sadly on those Eugénie hats, outmoded but not outworn, as the business man looks at his South American bonds. We were bulls in a bear market. I for one will go slow this season if the millinery stylists tell me that hats must be worn hanging around the neck and should be decorated with aigrettes. In the past three years I have successively worn my hats down in the back and off the face, over the forehead and up in the back, and slanted on one side of the head. Now, if I am to be in style, I must wear them down both front and back with a bow hanging down between my eyes, the only new place left to put a hat bow. I am going to sew a floppy bow on the front of my last year's hat, pull it down hard front and back, and refuse to buy a new one until I find out what section of the head is to be covered for the major part of next year.

The situation is the same in dresses. Last year it looked as if dresses had at last settled into lines conforming to the human figure. Now I read in the advertisements that "your rib line will be your waist line . . . see our dresses with the new broad shouldered effect." I suspect the corset industry had something to do with that new waistline. Recently I opened the door to a modish lady who immediately fixed an accusing eye on my 1931 figure.

"Dearie," said she, "you really don't know what a Spendthrift corset of the latest model would do for that figure of yours. In these days one cannot be a social success without the proper uplift line to the bust; it is the only true foundation of style. And your diaphragm needs the restraint provided by our new models. You must have a new corset to wear this season's styles. I can see that you're wearing an old style corset."

I was, to be sure. I shall continue to wear it, and also my old style dresses, until the dress and corset manufacturers decide where the waistline is to be and whether I should have hips or not. Even the threat of social failure will not break down my sales resistance. The style dictators, as far as I am concerned, are defeating their own purpose by altering styles too radically and too often. For those of us who cannot discard our entire wardrobe every few months, it puts a premium on delayed buying.

Fashions In Household Gadgets

There is a parallel to the clothing situation, springing from an entirely commendable development but with the same effect, in the industries manufacturing household appliances and equipment; everything to make housework easier, from a gadget which shells peas to stoves and oil burners and refrigerators which perform with almost superhuman intelligence. In thousands of industrial laboratories American inventive genius is working on technical improvements for which I am profoundly grateful. I expect any day to read of how Blank and Company, after years of painstaking research, have perfected an electric toaster and percolator combined which also sets the breakfast table.

There was, for instance, the salesman of the company from which I bought my now obsolete vacuum cleaner six years ago. He came to the door asking to demonstrate their new model for me. I had no intention of buying one and I told him so, but I had no objection to his giving my rug a thorough cleaning. After all, he made a living demonstrating vacuum cleaners, and all that was expected of me was to express the proper amazement at the amount of dirt extracted from an ostensibly clean rug. I noted the confident look in his eye which meant "They all act that way in the beginning.

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Maybe I can make a sale here."

He put the new ultra-scientific model through all its tricks. It ran around the living room picking up cigarette ashes and pulling threads out of cracks and polishing the floor in the most scientific manner. It could suck at one end and blow at the other. It could kill moths and dry one's hair after a shampoo and transfer all the feathers from one pillow to another, though that was admittedly just a sideline.

"Wonderful," I agreed. "But in another year or so you'll have a machine that can answer the door bell and change the baby's diapers. I think I'll wait and buy one of those. How is business?"

"Lady, I may be telling you a secret," he said sadly, "but all us vacuum cleaner folks are in the same boat — and this company hasn't earned a dividend in two years."

I am also constantly urged to buy one of those new refrigerators with a compartment for reviving tired vegetables and a water cooler and automatic controls and rubber ice trays. The refrigerator which I bought only two years ago, and on which we are still making payments, does nothing but keep things cold. If I buy a new model I will finish paying for it by the time still more efficient models appear on the market. Again, I think I'll wait.

This is no argument for the household appliance industries to stop inventing new ways to make housework easier for me. It is simply an explanation of why I, as a thrifty housewife, do not buy new equipment now, even at bargain prices.

The High Cost of Charity Employment

Then how about those household repairs and odd jobs which the man of the house puts off from week to week and which I could have done at low cost by unemployed men registered with the local Employment Committee, presided over by a public-spirited citizen serving without pay? I could ease the local unemployment situation, and with considerable satisfaction to myself, by having a room repainted and the floors done over and shelves put up in the closet.

I call up the local committee and ask for a painter and a floor expert. The citizen in charge of the office is grateful for my patronage and assures me that all the men on his list are deserving persons, out of jobs through no fault of their own, and with families to support. The painter arrives the next morning. He is to be paid by the hour. He has a wife and two children and has had nothing but a few odd jobs for eight months. As he begins work I have the pleasant glow which comes from helping a deserving case without cost to myself. The glow fades a little when, after three days' work and nine meals at my expense, he has finished painting one room. The walls are mottled, splashed, and streaked; I believe "stippled" is the proper word. The grateful painter confides that it is a good many years since he did any painting, and he had forgotten just how much turpentine to use, and departs, urging me to call him again when I have some more painting to be done.

He is succeeded by the floor expert, who sets to work on my living room floor. He varnishes the boards crosswise, with long pauses to contemplate his work between sections. The result looks like a cross section of striated muscle from a physiology textbook.

"Thank you very much for the job, lady," he says as he leaves. "My real specialty is trees. I've done floors now and then, but they're a bit out of my line."

Two or three such experiences in helping along the good work of the local employment committee, having jobs so badly done that they have to be done all over again in a short time, drives one to apply to the commercial houses which make a business of house repairs and guarantee their work, rather than to the committee managed by a man who has no experience in fitting the man to the job. But the commercial houses charge more, and one may put off the repairs. If there could be set up in every city a scientifically managed employment bureau, staffed by vocational guidance experts, furnishing skilled labor drawn from the city's unemployed for the small jobs as well as the big ones, it would be good economy as well as a public service for housewives to have those jobs attended to. Payment for such jobs is merely a drop in the relief bucket, but it would help.

The bell rings; the Depression is again on my doorstep. I give a young man fifty cents for some shoe laces, and call to my next-door neighbor that I am not going to that bargain sale downtown after all.

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Rhapsodies in Red

by **WILLIAM SOSKIN**

ANY BEHAVIORIST in a laboratory can discover, if his heart is sufficiently hard and his sentiments sufficiently scientific, that an infant, though it may display no other congenital aspect of character, will scream with rage if its limbs are constricted. If the infant happens to be more than ordinarily precocious it may consign the scientist to that low plane of purgatorial life which Dante reserved for Popes. If it be still more precocious and born, say, of peaceful Quaker stock, it may make some gentle but intelligent protest to the effect that the imprisonment of the limbs causes emotional constriction and conflict which must be released in rage. It may also proceed to demonstrate that all emotional constrictions, even in adult life, whether they set up conflicts in love or religion or in the economic or cultural life of a man, lead to rash and extreme gestures of escape.

Old Dr. Pavlov, working away in his Russian but non-Soviet laboratory, can prove this in terms of dogs. Thomas Hunt Morgan could probably prove it in terms of flies. Will Durant could probably do it with mirrors. I can merely note the experiences of some of my friends and colleagues and relatives. The most stringent and rigid vegetarian I know is a young lady whose father, a sportsman and a hunter, forced her to kill animals while she wept and screamed her protests. The most extreme radicals I know are almost invariably the products of unhappy, orthodox, constricted childhoods, or of extremely vulgar lower middle class homes whence they sought escape to the most convenient and plausible form of radicalism. Many of them are Jews who have behaved quite in line with Bertrand Russell's description of the type of Jew who, having experienced emotional disruption because of the Gentile cries of "Sheeney!" which did not seem to conform to the glorious condition of the Jew-

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ish race he heard about in his Orthodox home, and having too much intelligence to hate all Gentiles because of this experience, transfers his hatred to capitalists. And capitalists, being what they are, contribute enough hatefulness to the arrangement to make the Jew's escape to Marxism a plausible affair.

Communism — Refuge of the Literati

Literary men, I suspect, resemble these escapists in many ways. Certain writers and painters are, of course, men of sufficient artistic vitality and even of genius to persist in their calling and to function creatively no matter what their origins, or their economic or physical conditions. For them the function of writing or painting or composing is a major, dominant business. They have not escaped. In their own fields they are the equivalent of a genius for revolution like Leon Trotsky who, sitting up in the Arctic with enough physical and emotional misery about him to kill off a dozen or so ordinary men, fed on his tremendous vitality as a revolutionist and wrote, wrote, schemed, formulated new plans, mapped the further progress of his Marxist mission, and was therefore essentially happy as a functioning man.

But for the ordinary "art boy" in literature, the fellow who on the one hand does not possess this overwhelming vitality, and, on the other hand, does not practice the business of writing as a mere popular craftsman content with entertaining his chosen magazine audience, life is by no means so simple. Give this "art boy" a typewriter and enough stake in the existent economic system to guarantee him a home, some food, some love, and some liquor, or give him a magazine backed by a Wall Street banker who wants to play a Lorenzo the Magnificent rôle, or give him a stay in Paris where, by dint of various emigré art movements, parties, and manipulations of the exchange rate he can participate in the Left Bank ceremonies of living — and he's comparatively all right. He has put the emotional conflicts of his life that attended his split with family and with the domestic *mores* far behind him. He functions. Economically such a fellow is a social luxury, of course. But he functions.

Then, as the comic strips have it, *wham!* Or, as the $50,000-a-year caption writers for Metro-Paramount-Fox have it, Came the Dawn of Deflation! Deflations mean falling price levels. Deflations mean that all the economic luxuries — Wall Street-financed art magazines, art directors' jobs in advertising agencies, publishers' experiments in Cummings, Gertrude Stein, and the Revolution of the Word, and a thousand other comfortable phenomena of prosperity eras which kept our art boy in liquor — all of them must go. What is left is your escapist writer sitting in front of his Remington or Underwood, wanting to write something and knowing darned well that he has nothing to contribute these days that will interest organized society and the organized publishing industries and the available and solvent magazines.

He is, in other words, a completely constricted subject in our behaviorist laboratory, and if our theory of a resultant rush to dissolve his frustration and his wrath in an extreme formula of some sort or other is true, just watch our writer's dust! First he will probably look upon the poor girl who in the days of his affluence chose to associate her own fate with his. He will speculate on the way matrimony has cramped his style and if only he had no obligations — if only he were free, free to roam again! He will probably say something hateful to the girl, and feel pretty badly about having said it. Like most art boys, incidentally, he has found himself a parent. He will look now upon his gurgling offspring and experience a mixture of emotions, some of them tinged with cynicism regarding Dr. Marie Stopes. The existence of the baby, the wife, the family — all of it propels him to some sort of action.

While he is experiencing that constriction, other citizens in other fields of endeavor find themselves economically stymied. It has been so during most deflationary periods. These farmers, these small business men, these white-collar workers who belonged to the marginal type of profession crowded out in an industrial crisis, are receptive to programs, to formulae, to any sort of semblance of action which will relieve their distress. That is why deflation periods have produced many grades of Populism, Mugwumpery, Christian Socialism, Literary Socialism, Socialist-Laborism, Farmer-Laborism, Free Silverism, Liberty Parties, Jobless Parties, Conferences for Progressive Labor Action, Leagues for Independent Political Action, and Right, Left, and Middle forms

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of Fascism and Communism. Because much time and not much money is available for the congregations of the protestant movements, their pronunciamentos, manifestoes, and messianic platforms are more noticeable than any concrete accomplishments they achieve. Indeed, it is part of good Marxian doctrine, I believe, that revolutionary construction and effective organization may be more easily accomplished in prosperous than in deflated industrial times. . . .

The Marx Brothers

Well, to return to our art writer at his Remington, what formula, what program, what line of action can he subscribe to?

A few weeks ago Mr. Malcolm Cowley, literary editor of the *New Republic*, addressing a group of our brightest young men in the literary business (many of whom announced their allegiance on that occasion, incidentally, to the Communist Party in the election contest), explained the writer's dilemma somewhat in this fashion: we used to get up in the morning with a grand hangover from the liquor we consumed the night before. In that condition we continued to write our individualistic, stream-of-consciousness, or experimental literature. Now we have no hangover because we have no liquor. We are extraordinarily sober in the morning and we must face the ugly facts. The only formula that holds out any hope for us is Communism.

The writer who told me of this meeting and of the manifesto which a dozen or so of his colleagues signed, chuckled. He is one of the most promising of American poets and an excellently skeptical literary critic. I said to him: did you know any of the political obligations or the specific creed to which you were subscribing when you signed? No, he said. It doesn't make any difference. I wanted to protest at something and this was my gesture of protest. I said: do you feel better now that you belong to a gang? He said: yes.

As a matter of fact, there were very few gangs in American literature for the escapist writer to join when he felt that he needed a gang. He might have gone in the general direction of Irving Babbitt to return to a pseudo-classicism in art. That would make him a Humanist. As a Humanist he would have to exercise an Inner Check and subscribe to a sort of Dualism in which his literary or better self was devoted to suppressing his baser impulses. Such a doctrine usually does not appeal to the young man who fled from home and a possible career as a doctor or lawyer in order to worship more romantic faiths. The Inner Check would have kept him at home in the beginning.

Another general direction he might have taken would have landed him in the literary movement known as Sectionalism, a sort of return to the roots of the home soil, the desire under the native elms, and the emotional problems of village idiots and Main Street sluts. Some of the best of the younger American writers were producing rich work in these home scenes, but most of the escapist writers hadn't much of a home to return to. They came from cities or bourgeois homes which had little artistic significance to them.

So they turned, instead, to what is now known as Proletarianism. They turned to what is loosely described as Marxian criticism; to a creed by which, according to one of its journalists, V. F. Calverton, they "have the workers and the social revolution as their motivation, with Soviet Russia as an expression of their ideal."

It's a long and complex way, however, from the theories of rent, profit, and capital promulgated by the man Henry Hazlitt has described as "a German economist who died in 1883" to an organized state of affairs by which such differing temperaments as those of Theodore Dreiser, Waldo Frank, Michael Gold, and Clifton Fadiman may be associated in a common literary cause. How was that long path traversed? How did it all happen?

I can only point to a few events in the progression and admit that they do not seem sufficiently important milestones to warrant the emergence of a "movement." I can also suggest some of the characteristics of this movement that partake of the nature of a religion, an emotional migration in which it is futile and stupid to seek the rational whys and wherefores.

A Call to Arms

Event. Michael Gold, Communist, wrote a book review for the *New Republic* in which he attacked the "snob" book of the year, Thornton Wilder's *Bridge of San Luis Rey*,

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because it bore no organic relation to the class-conscious realities of American life. "Where," Mr. Gold asked, "are the modern streets of New York, Chicago, and New Orleans in these little novels? Where are the cotton mills, and the murder of Ella May and her songs? Where are the child slaves of the beet fields? Where are the stock-brokers' suicides, the labor racketeers, or the passion and death of the coal miners?"

Now Michael Gold did not ask these questions out of an essential concern for literature. He is not one of your artists who has defined the limits and the form of his art by any four walls which will best serve to give life and vitality and dynamic expression to his created product. He is not content to paint the pictures on these four walls and thus to make the habitat of man, the living environment in which he must subsist, a beautiful or a dramatic thing. Michael Gold looks out of the window, and sees a patch of blue sky, just as the Christians who were no longer part of the pagan tradition looked out of another window and saw another patch of blue sky. Michael's blue sky is labelled Socialism, and it is, by his own confession, the only thing in the whole world that matters to him. It is salvation for the human race. Come you sinners — and dive out of the window to reach that salvation!

Ordinarily when people introduce such questions as "where are the child slaves of the beet fields and where is Standard Oil?" in the course of a specific discussion about a specific novel, echoes answer "Where?" and the matter is forgotten. But the *New Republic* readers, some of them out of indignation and some of them out of partisan support, began writing letters to their editor. And Edmund Wilson, then acting as editor, was duly impressed.

Event. Edmund Wilson was duly impressed. At the time he was trying to formulate a new policy for the *New Republic* after Herbert Croly's death. He investigated Marxism, he later said, "and really understood the Marxist position." He wrote a few critical articles which stood for all the American literary world as a symbol of the conversion of one of the most fastidious of American bourgeois intellectuals to Communism.

Event. A girl I liked threw me down because of my "ideology." When I asked how about dinner that evening she looked sad. She began saying words like "collectivist" and "Marxian." I found other young ladies saying these words and saying them with the unanimity they formerly applied to making batik blouses, or being dipsomaniacs in the cause of individual freedom. They looked at me with that peculiarly patronizing pity with which "saved" Christians used to look upon the sinners.

Event. Theodore Dreiser, whose magnificent stature in American fiction was based upon his very human studies of men and women caught in a world of atomic meaninglessness, and to whom love was a "chemic" something, published a soap-boxer's history of muck-rake from the "proletarian" point of view, in which the facts of the story were often inaccurately stated and the writing was atrociously lumbering. The book called for something vaguely similar to a dictatorship of the proletariat set up in Washington, and Mr. Dreiser twisted his handkerchief and is reported to have said that he hoped "they'd get him for this." They didn't "get him" for that, perhaps because most of the material in the book had already appeared in a historical volume by Mr. Gustavus Myers on the growth of American fortunes.

Event. Edmund Wilson startled the admirers of his strict critical discrimination when he reviewed the Dreiser book and said in effect that it didn't matter how sloppy Mr. Dreiser had been so long as his heart was in the right proletarian place.

Event. Mr. Wilson, in pursuance of his proletarian program, wrote reportorial pieces about various industrial events in the American scene, all of them published in a volume called *The American Jitters*. By the application of the proletarian formula, presumably, his portraits of such patriots as Hamilton Fish were done in deep black, while his portraits of some mine-union leaders were done in chaste white and with soft music. The true nature of Mr. Fish and the union leaders aside, that type of black-and-white reporting seemed unworthy of Edmund Wilson.

Event. Sherwood Anderson, distrustful of the Russian formula, but groping among the American workers for a proletarian æsthetics of the machine, wrote the worst book of his career in *Beyond Desire*.

Event. A number of Southern writers, women like Fielding Burke and Grace Lumpkin, took

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the industrial strife at Gastonia in contrast with the agrarian life in the Southern hills as the basis for novels which approached the proletarian demands. The parts of their books that dealt with hill-billies and old oaken buckets were superbly well done. The parts that dealt with these same hill-billies transplanted to textile mills and strike scenes were amateurishly and unconvincingly written. The proletarian slogans were there — but no novels.

Event. An issue of the *New Masses* appeared with a symposium article in it entitled "How I Came to Communism." There was no Salvation Army band to help along the festivity, and no collection was taken after the saved mortals told how they came to Jes — Communism, I mean.

Event. Mr. Calverton, one of the priests, probably sensing the ridiculous situation into which the faithful were dragging the Proletarian movement by their constant referring of all disputed matters to the Moscow Vatican, announced that America had no proletarian writers and that it wasn't really necessary for all the Marxist critics to dismiss everything — from Willa Cather to Tiffany Thayer — with the label "bourgeois." It might be well to condescend to explain things a little.

As for proletarian writers — Michael Gold is of the East Side, it is true, but the Jewish East Side where petty bourgeois ideals still motivate family life. I can therefore understand and sympathize with Michael's mother who, it is said, when she read her son's very proletarian description of the vermin in his home in *Jews Without Money*, shouted in anger: "What? Roaches? Never in all my life was there roaches in my house. My clean house should have roaches!"

John Dos Passos is a Harvard man who went to Paris and to the war and through the usual cycle of disillusion that influenced the literature of the twenties. His novels, radical in form and written through exploitation of the newspaper headline, the stream of consciousness, and the topical history books such as *In Our Time*, rarely transcend this old fashioned phenomenon of bourgeois disillusion.

Edmund Wilson is anything but proletarian, both in his origins and in his personality.

What will they do, then? To have proletarian literature your writers must go to the proletariat. Not as slummers, either. They must go to work and try to assimilate the proletarian experience. But when men work they usually are too tired to write.

Perhaps they will try to encourage the workers themselves to write. But the workers are such sentimental fellows! They're fond of Eddie Guest, and *True Confession* stories. As soon as they have the chance they fall for bourgeois ideals — a house and a lot and a Ford and a bank account.

Or, and this is the final perhaps, maybe our proletarian art boys will come to realize that a doctrine of economic realism may very well provide a philosophy upon which to build literary creation and to aid in the growth of humanities, but that all the trappings of religion and the formulæ which point with doctrinaire pride toward Russia are merely formulæ bound to hamper an artist's free growth. After the optimism and the spiritual jag that now operate in favor of Russia because of geographical and political accidents have subsided, the real cultural issues will arise. The simple nature of the class struggle as a philosophy to guide the artist is a merit only when it serves to provide easy slogans. In a philosophy such simplicity is no merit at all. The world we live in is far richer and far more varied than any Marxian formula can make it.

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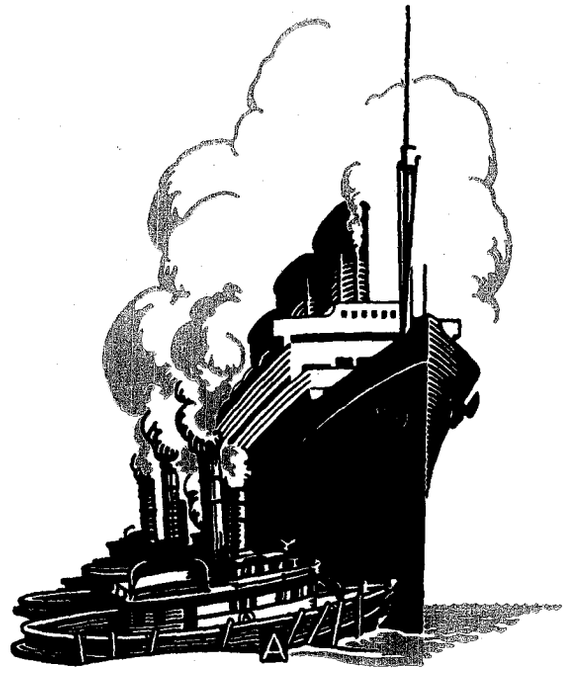
The Twilight of Free Trade



by **WILLIS J. BALLINGER**

WHY CAN'T America afford to lower her tariff?

Down where the ticker now creeps along like some lazy serpent and anxious men grow articulate in their sorrow, it is depression gospel that when we boosted our trade walls back in 1928 we put our high-powered industrial machine into reverse and smashed it; that the only way out of our breadlines is to get the spirit of free trade into our benighted souls and spur business at the customhouse.

Two thousand American economists take up this warning. At last, they proudly assure us, the hard-headed and hindsighted business man who has been building tariffs for a century in defiance of academic thought, has been overtaken by his folly. The Democratic Publicity Bureau floods the country with the propaganda and it is little wonder that the harried man in the street has come to believe that his troubles are due to "tariff raisin'" by stupid or greedy manufacturers and their legislative puppets down in Washington.

Yet I am confident, in spite of all the organized cheering for free trade, that this troublesome doctrine is really making its last stand in the United States. If our depression is going to settle anything, it is going to settle that.

The old-fashioned protectionist supported the tariff on the theory that we should shut out the pauper-produced goods of the world by imposing a tariff on them in order to enable American manufacturers to produce those goods in American factories, under American conditions, and pay American wages, all of which sounded very well, made a powerful appeal on the hustings, and served the purposes of our manufacturers very excellently. Indeed, they were served so well that our tariff at times ceased to be a wall of defense against poor house labor and became a super-wall, overprotecting industries and levying unknown taxes on consuming masses. Intelligent liberals denounced these swindles and attached odium to the mere word tariff. Uncompromising to the end, the free trader denied that American

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industry needed any protection from cheap labor, talked learnedly about long run "adjustments," and promised the workingman more for his money if world trade were as unhindered by tariffs as the free play of commerce between our forty-eight tariffless states.

Too Much Free Trade

Now I am not interested in what has been said for or against tariffs of the past — particularly American tariffs. I believe that this depression has introduced a new situation into the argument, a new basis for protection. So I am definitely in favor of a high tariff wall around this country, but for an entirely different reason. It is as follows:

We are not in a slump because of too little free trade at the customhouse but because of too much of it *behind* the customhouse. Nearly ninety-five per cent of all we produce is consumed in a great free trade area made up by our forty-eight states and enclosed by our tariff wall. Only a very small part of our production travels abroad. It is not because we can't buy or sell abroad that we are battling a great slump; it is because we can't buy or sell at home — because free trade has degenerated into a riot back of our customhouse and played havoc with nine-tenths of all our business.

What is the proof? First, let's substitute for the word free trade the word competition. They both mean the same thing, though we speak of competition at the customhouse as free trade and free trade behind the customhouse as competition. If we will call free trade by its American name of competition, it will afford great insight into what kind of a nostrum it really is.

Every intelligent American has heard that competition is out of control in the United States. Most of us know something about the powerful attack launched against the Sherman Anti-Trust Law in the past four years and the fact that our business leaders everywhere have put themselves on record as being unable to cope longer with competition, demanding that this statute — dubbed the "mother of anarchy" — be repealed so as to permit business to end competition by lawful combinations. Even lamplight merchants know something about this wide-spread revolt against the chaos of competition, but when free trade is proposed as an antidote, millions do not grasp the fact that the cure is in reality the same disease — only more of it!

If we look at the industrial picture on the eve of our great ticker bust, it is only too obvious that our economic life had got completely out of hand west of the Statue of Liberty — that American business was busy destroying itself without the intervention of a single foreign factor. At the height of our great bull market, when stock quotations were advertising that anyone possessed the touch of Midas, free trade had overwhelmed most of our big industries with surpluses.

Our coal mines were 100 per cent overdeveloped — a great basic industry seething with labor unrest for years. West of the Mississippi all the grains were surplus sick. To the south cotton bales piled up so fast that about the only profitable occupation was that of sheriff. Oil wells spouted oil so furiously that it was a serious problem even to store the excess. Experts pointed out that the industry was producing around 5,000,000 barrels a day against a market demand for only 4,000,000 barrels. Some 300,000,000 barrels were already in storage, but still the wells gushed on. On the highways leading to our cities milk was being dumped into rivers, fruit tossed away. In some states a whole peach crop could be had for the picking. Our shoe industry — a giant affair — had been trapped by an incredible glut. On the average every man, woman, and child in the United States consumes about two and one-half pairs of shoes. Yet our equipment-gorged shoe business stood ready to turn out three times this quota!

The machine tool industry was limping along at 65 per cent capacity; oil refining had abandoned 25 per cent of its plants; gas manufacturing was using only two-thirds of its equipment; flour milling was overstocked with mills by some 60 per cent. One-third of our retail grocers — a fifteen-billion-dollar industry — were failing annually, a 100 per cent turnover every three years! Here was a mad dance of free trade destroying billions of dollars of buying power. But that was not all. Long before our ticker oracle gave the slightest indication of trouble ahead, America led the world in bank failures and murders. Among civilized nations our credit machinery was an after dinner joke.

As savers we were experiencing another

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tragedy in crazy individualism. According to experts we were saving much too much. Money that should have been spent in buying up current production, flowed in swollen streams to investment reservoirs from which it flowed back again into new production. From the maws of new machines there rushed forth huge batches of fresh goods which when they reached the market places found them strangely deserted. From bell hops to society matrons we were busy routing every available nickel away from the stalls of our merchants and offering it to an investment Moloch as profitless as any god of mythology. Hence a ridiculous process of saving to produce more and more that we would not buy.

But then our individualism experienced a new dislocation. It became a question of whether our savings would even live to create goods that we would not consume. Smart gentlemen began to ponder the interesting problem of whether after all husbandry must be creative. One must not be obvious — that is, issue stocks and bonds on banana plantations in the Bowery. But bananas might be camouflaged. So the holding company industry hung out its shingle, and above some honest producing corporation at the bottom there arose upward like the beanstalk of Jack long unit chains of holding companies, each unit netting its promoters outrageous profits for bringing it into the world, and more dividends, equally indefensible, for fictitious services of management. America swarmed with those practicing the subtle art of vending Bowery fruit under the fake caption "super-management." Such good old nineteenth-century cutthroats as Drew, Fiske, or Gould seemed like penny pirates to the magnificoes who spread billion dollar traps for the hordes of boobs that flocked with their purses to the dens of speculation after the war. Fakirs were busy sowing seeds of distrust from which we were to reap the whirlwind to be described by economists as "lack of confidence."

Not infrequently these intricate structures when they toppled pinned beneath the wreckage both promoter and boob. Swindling ordinarily merely transfers money from one pocket to another. But when the swindle wastes the investment in whole or in substantial part, buying power is lost, and the disaster becomes a depression factor. Kreuger's Tower of Babel cost us nearly a billion. Insull's labyrinth buried two and one-half billions. A great southern adventurer pulled the pins from under a few billions more.

Internal Rot

The truth is that all during our late supposed prosperity American business was steadily going to pieces from an ungovernable free trade tempest that raged behind our tariff walls. But the hallucination of the ticker did not close the eyes of experts who watched the wreckage accumulating. John T. Flynn exposed investment trust abuses. Others warned that we were displacing labor too rapidly by machinery; that we should not fire faster than we could hire. Money doctors shook their heads over our "drifting dollar." From other points of observation, taxation, enormous profits to the few, fickle consumption, too big Big Business, and scores of minor ailments were all being singled out as depression foci. But whatever these critics talked about, it all came down to the same thing — parts of our economic machine were getting out of hand right here under our noses. Add together all these criticisms and we have a picture of an industrial system that blew up internally.

Hence I am impatient with the wild Moses of internationalism who urge upon us in our present bewilderment international banking when our domestic banking is so pitiful, international investment when this business is so terribly conducted at home, more competition in goods from Europe when our own industries are so overwhelmed by surpluses behind our tariff walls, or world government when we have yet to manage successfully the municipal affairs of a Chicago or a New York or to curb the growing incompetency of our vast and unwieldy federal structure. I have my doubts about homeopathic medicine, but I have none about homeopathic economics. Our tariff is no longer a super-wall. It is standing between our disordered system and complete chaos. Nor is it any longer open to the criticism of free traders who have babbled so long about the advantages of world competition. If there is anything to-day masterless, it is a world market. And if you don't believe that, ask Thomas Chadbourne — our great sugar tamer — about the fate of schemes that seek to order trade empires. The industries hardest hit by the

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world-wide depression are those operating in world markets where the currents of chaos mock the mightiest brains.

That is why the late Dr. W. J. Spillman, the distinguished agricultural authority, shortly before his death warned American farmers to get out of world markets. He once said to me:

"America is mad about size. But I believe that this depression will open our eyes to the dangers of bigness. Fifty years ago the United States was grappling with the blight of littleness. Our economy was overrun with little inefficient fellows. And so we incorporated as a nation. Now our peril is bigness. Instead of vast markets, huge cities, great corporate mastadons, let us begin to think about the dangers of bigness so big that we can't manage it. Remember the dinosaurs, those great hulking reptiles who grew so enormous that they were helpless before the more agile, better co-ordinated mammals. History is full of size tragedies."

From all sides have sprung schemes for plans in America. There is a well-defined feeling that in some way we must control our economic life. We may debate about the extent of the control or the place where the control will be lodged. But practically everybody agrees upon the idea. Some think government should control. Others that business should rule itself, which is really a form of control. Others contend that business and government should collaborate in the control. But all agree that control is necessary. On the other hand there are some who agree in principle to the theory of control, but shake their heads as to the practicability of any form of control. It can't be done, they say. The forces are too vast, too numerous, too widespread and far flung. It must be conceded that there is some merit in this.

Now my own view is that control is impossible if we attempt to control too large an area. Certainly we cannot regard the whole world as an economic unit and control that. The territory is too extensive; the populations are too numerous and diverse; the civilizations are too different; the interests are too hostile. If we cannot control the whole world, the next thing to do is to see if there is not some smaller region that can be dealt with. Certainly it will be admitted, for a starting point anyway, that the United States is sufficiently large.

I am in favor, therefore, of attempting a planned economic society in the United States. How far, how intensive, how intimate that planning shall be, where the control shall be lodged, are matters to be debated. But wherever it is lodged or whatever form it takes, we cannot carry out any form of economic control over this country if from all sides and over every frontier flow forces that we do not control and which are uncontrollable. They will upset everything we may do or attempt to do here. If we are going to attempt to apply to our economic society any form of control, we must begin by shutting out as far as we can the persistent and disordered flood of outside forces. These forces, of course, flow to us in the form of goods — particularly goods competitive with our own industries. The only way to keep them out is by a tariff.

Behind our tariff walls, then, we may attempt to deal with the tremendous problem of controlling our own economy. For this reason alone I favor keeping those walls and if necessary making them higher in order to make them effective. And for the same reason I do not favor making Europe pay either war debts or private debts, or sympathize with the wails of our exporters that if we do not boom business at the customhouse we cannot recapture prosperity. Both of these policies, if executed, would let loose upon American business the very forces of disorder that I believe must be kept out if we are to have any economic planning. They would bring upon us a new deluge of free trade from which we would never escape until the bankruptcy of our capitalism forced us to rebuild our trade walls and experiment with a new economic order. Let us see clearly what is involved.

International Give and Take

Europe owes us some twenty-seven billions which can only be paid in goods. But in what kind of goods? Here is the rub. Take England, our chief debtor. Her five major industries are coal, iron and steel, textiles, shoes, and Empire oil. But these are industries which in America are already producing more than we know what to do with. Most of our debtors can only pay us in goods of which we are already producing too much. France, of course, is the exception. France could make substantial payments in

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gold, if she would. But from the rest of our debtors we are in the paradoxical position of not being able to afford payment. Twenty-seven billions is a big sum, to be sure. But I believe that there is much bigger game at stake right here. At the peak of our prosperity our annual income was around $90,000,000,000, according to authority. To-day it is reported to be around $50,000,000,000. Now figures show that our foreign trade has fallen off some six or seven billions. The difference, therefore, some thirty billions, represents the shrinkage caused by the collapse of that nine-tenths of all our business which is transacted behind our tariff wall. Now isn't it sensible to suppose that if we could get this business once more on its feet we could probably pay all those European debts to ourselves in a year? Better still, we could pay an equal amount to ourselves each year thereafter and perhaps considerably more as our enormous productive machine began to expand here under intelligent guidance. But if, at this time, we make Europe do the paying, we will not only lose $30,000,000,000 a year for whatever we collect, but probably a good deal more in the further disintegration of our domestic business brought about by the onslaught of European goods.

For the same reason we must not be deceived about the advantages of booming our export trade. There has been much folderol from our gentlemen of the wharves about escaping our surpluses here by passing them on abroad. In the first place this is impossible. The task is too great. Consider our automobile industry. In 1928 — listed as a prosperity year — our automobile plants were capable of producing some eight billion cars. Yet the whole *world* in 1928 bought only six million cars. How could the freest of trade help this crushing surplus? Our industries, declare competent engineers, are from 50 to 300 per cent overproduced. Even if our foreign trade doubled — an incredible spurt — the relief would be slight. But as we send more goods out, what goods will be moving in to pay for them? If Europe is to pay for more of our goods with goods that we already have an abundance of, we cannot avoid causing new and more terrible shocks to our crumbling economic order. And if our exporters and those clamoring for Europe to pay her debts have their say and our tariff makes way for this policy, I fear that it will only be a short time before the War Department will step in on the ensuing chaos and take American business over. From that point we will be forced into an economy so superregulated that Moscow will be hailing our enlightenment.

Now I am sorry for those who hold claims on Europe. I am sorry for our cargoless shippers. But I honestly believe that there is more to be gained all around if we will bend every effort to rehabilitating our business here rather than preventing this repair work, prolonging and deepening the depression, menacing ourselves with a Socialistic economy, by trying to collect debts from Europe or keep our docks piled high with goods. After all we can't have our cake and eat it. If we are going to use a tariff to stabilize our economic life behind our customhouse, we cannot permit our lenders and exporters to jockey us out of this sound position by creating the very pressure on our trade walls that they are designed to resist and then clamoring for a removal of this wall on the ground that debt payments or our exporting business are more important than keeping nine-tenths of our business under discipline.

And after all are those who invested their savings abroad, or our gloomy exporters, any worse off in their losses than those who have been victimized by domestic investment, or the countless other American business men ruined by domestic chaos? I think not.

We must all sacrifice together and rebuild our economic structure along sounder lines for the future. In this resurrection of our business the customhouse must assist. Hereafter we must do business with countries or continents that in return for our exports or investments can send us something that we need — particularly goods against which there will be no tariff because this kind of trading will not war on our efforts to grip our business here. Instead of trading for what we already have in profusion, let's make the customhouse a trading post for what we haven't. Some 67 per cent of our imports at this minute are duty free. They come from countries outside of Europe and from countries whose economic structure does not simply duplicate our own. Trade with these countries will work harmoniously with our tariff. And that should be our goal — to have both our tariff and our foreign trade, the one assisting us to keep our economic life under control and the other enriching it.

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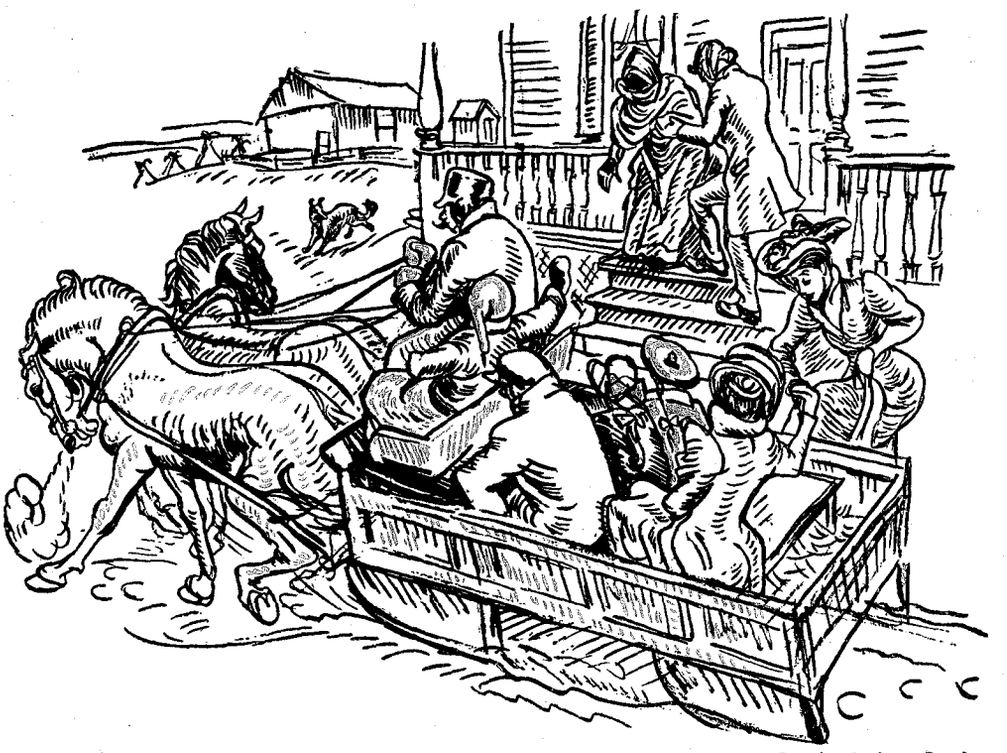
Protracted Meeting



Drawings by James Daugherty

by DORA AYDELOTTE

I

ONCE WHEN you nearly froze going to church and back, you asked your Pa why they didn't have protracted meeting in the summer. He said it was on 'count of the Juney-bugs. When they got in your hair and down your neck, and you jumped and dodged and slapped at the pesky things, it took your mind off of spiritchul matters. He said it as solemn, but you felt like he was making fun of you. Anyway, they always had protracted meeting in the winter.

When you and Minnie and the boys ran in the back way after school, out of breath and snow all over you, Ma said to take your things off right away and get washed up. You asked was there comp'ny for supper. Because your Ma had on her black henrietta that was made over with a watered-silk front, and her hair done up nice in the back.

Ma said no, it wasn't comp'ny this time. You were all going to protracted meeting and Pa wanted to start early. She dished up the fried ham and potatoes and things, and took a couple punkin pies out of the oven and poured the coffee around. Pa put a napkin in his collar to save his good black suit. Lodie Green, the hired man that had worked for your Pa since last summer, had his hair slicked back and a clean shirt on. Lodie was like one of your folks — ate at the same table and ever'thing. But you didn't like him much. He squinted and chewed tobacco all the time.

You didn't much want to go to meeting that night. It had been a mean sort of day at school. Frank Grimes washed your face with snow at *re*cess, and that made you mad. Then while Miss Attie was out of the room he threw paper wads at you. Only she caught him at it and made him sit by you all afternoon. It shamed him awful to sit over on the girls' side, and he whispered he'd get even.

After school he chased you and put snow down your back. If you didn't slap him good and hard! And kick him on the shins, too! When you stepped off in a drift and got snow inside your ar'tics — those clumsy black things

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with fuzzy red lining to keep your feet warm — and your brother Bill pelted you and Minnie with snowballs all the way up the lane, you felt like you'd had about enough.

What you'd rather do was to sit around in the kitchen after supper. The boys eating apples and cracking hick'ry nuts. Pa with his feet in the oven, smoking his pipe. Ma doing some mending, or piecing quilts. Maybe telling about when she was little and her folks lived in a log cabin. When a panther tried to get in one time, and wolves howled back in the timber, and deer come up to the haystacks in a hard winter. Or Pa telling about when there was Indians all around and bufflers on the prairie. He had an old lap robe made out of a buffler his Uncle Zeke had killed. You loved the nice, warm room, smelling of apples and pipe smoke. The only mean part was going off to bed.

But protracted meeting was nice, too — and there'd be the ride. Right after supper Ma said, let the dishes go this time. All of you put on your things. She flew around getting all wrapped up in her hood and heavy coat and a shawl over, and made Pa wear his earmuffs.

Lodie Green was waiting at the side gate with the sled. It was just the wagon-bed on runners, with quilts and old blankets laid over the straw. Hot bricks from the oven to put around.

Tom and Jerry snorted and shook their heads and their breaths steamed back. The snow creaked and made squeaky sounds under the runners. Ev'rything looked so different — white and peaceful and still. Ev'rything sounded so clear. Dogs barking at some farmhouse 'way off the road. Sleigh bells jangling long before the teams went by. Folks in the sleds bundled up, yelling and waving mittened hands.

Now and then a cutter dashing by, a dark streak in the snow. Some fellow and his best girl. That was what you wanted more than anything. To have some fellow drive up to your house in a cutter with a team of black horses, and take you out sleigh-riding. Maybe, when you got bigger and outgrew your freckles and put on long dresses, you'd have that happen. But not till you were sixteen. Ma said so.

You were going to stop by for Gramma and her folks. Uncle Ed didn't b'long to any church. When he was your Pa's hired man, before he and Aunt Min run off and got married, the day you went to the Fourth, folks called him that wild Ed Pearson. Your Pa'd been after him to join the church, and Gramma and Aunt Min kept going on about it. So fin'ly he said if they felt that way about it, he'd go to protracted meeting with 'em. But just that one time.

Uncle Ed helped Gramma down the steps. She was all bundled up in her black knitted hood and her black shawl with fringe on. A thick green veil over her face to keep out the neuralgy. Aunt Min ran down the path and climbed in by you. She smelled good of white rose perfume. You asked what dress did she have on. She said, Oh, the one Ed liked — that wine-red cashmere with the ribbon bows and the polonay.

II

By the time you got to Little Flock, the long shed where they tied the teams was full and running over. Lodie Green had to hitch outside.

Singing was going on when you went in. The church was packed clear over to the Amen corner. Pa and the boys went and sat on the men's side. The rest of you had to sit 'way at the back by the big drum stove.

You liked being so far back. Maybe the widow Riddick wouldn't see you this time. She

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was what folks called a great church worker. Little and thin and sharp-eyed, with a long, thin nose. Knot of gray hair about as big as a doorknob sticking out under her black velvet bonnet. She wore black kid gloves with the fingers too long. When you took hold of those empty finger-ends it made you feel creepy.

You wished the widow Riddick wouldn't come around at protracted meeting and ask if you were a Christian. How did you know? Of course you'd join the church when you were big enough. But you hated to have folks turn around and stare at you when she talked, like they thought you were a hardened sinner.

Worst of all was the thought of going down that long aisle with ev'rybody looking at you. Hearing your shoes go squeak. Seeing a button off the back of your dress, like as not. Prob'ly thinking Barbry Miller was sort of tacky-looking, anyway. Just to think about it made you go hot and cold all over.

Besides, when you got converted you had to join the church. You couldn't ever play cards or go to dances, or "frequent places of worldly amusement." Ma said that meant going to the the*ay*ter and places like that. But Ma didn't think there was anything wrong about square dances.

Once when the Ladies' Aid had a quilting at your house, the widow Riddick was there. Tongue and needle flying. Bragged how she never seen any play-acting in her life. Never let her daughter Tillie go to a party, even, unless the minister was going to be there. Your Ma said afterward, no wonder Tillie Riddick turned out to be a sour old maid.

While the congregation was singing, "Are you washed, are you washed, are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?" the widow Riddick came up the aisle, looking all around. She saw your Ma and made a bee-line back that way. But it was Uncle Ed she was after this time — not you. She put her hand on his arm and talked real earnest, but he just looked straight ahead. Fin'ly he said, no, I ain't ready. The widow went off, shaking her head.

You loved to hear the singing. Choir singing the first verse, ev'rybody joining in on the chorus. Tenor and bass singing a verse together, soft and low. The chorus again, like waves of music rolling higher and higher, till it seemed like you were rising up with the sound. It made you feel sort of sad, someway. And yet it was nice.

They had a 'vangelist from Camargo to conduct the meeting. He was a light-complected man, thin and tall and straight. You loved to hear him talk. His voice slid up and down the way music did. He could make folks laugh or have them crying, just the things he said.

He told about a man that died in sin and how terrible he suffered. And about a sweet, pure little girl that was dying, and she made her father promise he'd reform and join the church and meet her in Heaven. Folks swallowed hard and sniffed. You saw Ma reach over and take hold of Minnie's hand and look down at her.

When the minister got up and asked all in need of prayer to come forward, Ebbie Smock was the first one down the aisle. He did that ev'ry year. First he'd feel convicted of sin and groan and pray and say the Devil was rassling with him. The church workers 'd pray over him, all kneeling around. Fin'ly he'd get religion and shout all over the place. But afterwhile he'd quit attending church regular. Go back to dancing and playing cards. Maybe get drunk on hard cider. Next protracted meeting he'd have to be saved all over again.

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There was some folks at meeting they called shouting Meth'dists. Ma said they took on so because they felt happy. That night, when Ebbie Smock got religion again, old lady Nickerson jumped up and clapped her hands and shouted, "Oh, praise the Lord! Praise His holy name!" And some man called out, "Amen, Sister!" You wouldn't want them carrying on like that over *you*.

The 'vangelist went on about the tortures of Hell and the glories of Heaven, and the land of Zion that only the saved would see. The choir sang, "The Half Has Never Been Told." At the chorus the 'vangelist put up his hands and said, "One moment, please. I ask every man, woman, and child in this church that wants to be saved, to come to the altar and kneel in prayer. Come, brothers. Come on, sisters. Come, dear children. Come and wash away your sins in the blood of the Lamb."

Then he nodded at Miss Sue Miggles, the red-headed old maid that gave music lessons and played the church organ. She rocked on the stool and pumped hard, and the music rolled out solemn and loud. The 'vangelist shook his hair back and stood with his hands out. His eyes looked so bright. You felt like he was looking right at *you*, 'way back by the stove. The minister came down out of the pulpit. The church workers went around hunting for somebody they could help save.

III

You'd never thought before about folks being wicked and steeped in sin and worldly lusts, till the 'vangelist went on so. Anyway, *your* folks were all good. Pa and Ma and Gramma and Aunt Min all belonged to Little Flock church. And Uncle Ed was as nice as anybody, even if he hadn't professed religion. Of course, Bill and Jimmie got in fights, or told Ma they hadn't been near the crick when you knew they'd been in swimming all afternoon. But that was just the way boys did. And your sister Minnie couldn't be wicked if she tried. She was too pretty and sweet. So sweet that she made you think of pictures of angels in the fam'ly Bible — angels with pink cheeks and blue eyes and wavy yellow hair and long white robes down to their feet.

But what about yourself? What about your getting mad at Frank Grimes that very day, and slapping him and kicking his shins? Guilt consumed you like a flame. You must be one of those wayward souls the 'vangelist talked about. Desperately you longed to be good — really and truly good.

Before you knew how it happened you were going down that long middle aisle, Minnie's hand in yours. You hadn't told her to come. She was just there with you. And you didn't think once how your dress looked in the back, or if your shoes squeaked. Something — something you'd never felt before — was pulling you along.

As you knelt at that crowded altar rail, the waves of music came rolling over you. But this time you couldn't feel yourself rising on that crest of song. All the mean things you'd ever done came into your mind. — The time you fell down the haymow ladder and broke a lot of eggs, and didn't let Ma know. The time you got mad at Bill when he pushed you off the barn gate, and you pulled his hair and kicked him. The time you slapped Jimmie because he broke the china dog on your bureau. The time you ate the last piece of cherry pie that Ma had saved out for Pa, when he was late getting back from town. That seemed the blackest sin of all. After all your Pa had done for you!

Oh, it almost broke your heart to think you'd been so sinful all that time! But when you whispered to Minnie did she feel very wicked, she shook her head. Maybe she was just born good, the way some folks were.

Some woman — you never did know who she was — came and talked to you in a low, sweet voice. She said your Heavenly Father had a gift for you — the gift of His love. To be happy you had only to take it. You were ashamed to let her see your face, red and swollen from crying. You just shook your head and felt for your hank'chief to wipe your nose and eyes. Then somebody's arms were around you and Minnie. Somebody's voice said, shaky-like, "God bless my little girls. God bless them." You felt your Pa's kiss on your hot, wet cheek. He put his hand on your head.

You thought — how good Pa always was. Always gave you something nice for Christmas. Helped you with your 'rithmetic and did the hard problems. Never talked mean or boxed your ears, the way Mamie Croucher's Pa did her. And some way you knew, all at once, your Heavenly Father must be like that — good and kind and loving you always. Just loving Him

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would make you good. You jumped up, tears streaking down your face. Minnie looked at you and smiled.

You didn't know till then that all your folks were right down in front. Even Lodie Green grinned and patted you both on the head. Gramma kissed you and said she felt like shouting herself. Ma's eyes were all red, but she was smiling. She took your face between her hands and kissed you and said, "Bless you always, Barbry." The widow Riddick patted your cheek with her flat glove fingers. The church members kept coming up to shake hands till you wished they'd quit. Couldn't you be saved without them making all that fuss?

But where was Aunt Min and Uncle Ed? Why didn't they come and shake hands? Didn't they want you to be converted? You were going to ask Ma about them when the choir started that song they always saved for the last — "Coming Home." When they got to the chorus —

Coming home, coming home,
Never more to roam,
Open wide Thine arms of love —

you looked around, and there was Uncle Ed coming down the aisle, Aunt Min holding on his arm. They knelt down at the altar. The church got just as still. The minister asked all to be seated while prayer was offered for this brother who had repented of his sins. The shouting Meth'dists groaned and hollered, "Bless the Lord. Amen."

Seemed like it took Uncle Ed a long time to get religion. But then he'd been what you'd call a hardened sinner. After they prayed and sang over him, and your Pa went and talked to him some, Uncle Ed stood up with his face all smiling and happy, and shouted, "I'm saved — saved by the blood of the Lamb!" You could hear him all over the church. You thought folks never would get through crowding around and shaking hands and telling him how glad they were. You felt glad, too. Because now Uncle Ed would join the church and be good, like your Pa and Deacon Godfrey and old Pete Coonrod.

With Uncle Ed saved, it seemed like the meeting was over. The 'vangelist spread out his long, thin hands and said the benediction. Folks stomped into their ar'tics and rubbers, and put on mufflers and shawls. The menfolks bundled up and went to get their teams.

Ma was tying on Minnie's pink fascinator while you got into your things. Ev'rybody was ready to start when Ma said, did the boys go out with Pa?

Nobody knew for sure, so you went over on the men's side to look. There they were, back in a corner, sound asleep. Their heads close together, Bill's arm around Jimmie. All that shouting and singing and praying going on, and they'd slept right through! You didn't see how they could. Jimmie was so sleepy he could hardly walk. Bill mumbled, "Aw, leave me be," when you buttoned his coat and made him put his mittens on.

IV

It felt good to step out of that hot, crowded church into the cold, clear air. When Pa and Lodie Green drove up it was all Pa could do to hold in Tom and Jerry. They frisked and pranced and kicked up the snow, but Pa pulled back on the lines till they got calmed down.

The sled went flying over the snow. You snuggled down under a pile of quilts with Minnie at your side. How nice it was to be going home, knowing you were saved. How good you felt inside!

Now you mustn't get mad at the boys any more, or even want to slap Frank Grimes. That

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was what the 'vangelist called indulging in evil passions. You'd help Ma with the work, and get your lessons, and read in the Bible Gramma gave you.

You'd have to be careful how you acted, because when you got converted, the church put you on six months' probation. If you were good that long they took you into full membership.

First you asked Ma what she thought. Could you be good that long? She said, well, you could try. Minnie said that seemed like an awful long time to have to be good. But Aunt Min hugged you hard and said, "Of course you can. Can't she, Ed?" He pinched your cheek and said, "Sure you can. As good as your Aunt Min." And he kissed her right before all of you, like when they were bride and groom.

Still you didn't feel satisfied. After you were home and Pa had lugged the boys in and fixed up the fire, and you'd helped Ma redd up the table, you hung around downstairs. Pa would know. He knew about ev'rything. After Ma went to bed, Pa sat down by the stove and started to pull off his boots. Then you asked him if he thought you could be good on six months' probation.

Pa let his boot drop. He looked real solemn and surprised. Then he put his hand on your head and said, "Daughter — " you liked that. He'd never called you "daughter" before, that you remembered — "do just the best you can. Every day. That's all any of us can do." So that made it all right. You just had to be good one day at a time.

Hand in hand you and Minnie climbed the stairs to the little room under the eaves where the moon was shining in. Shining in so bright you didn't need a lamp to undress by. You wanted to say your prayers in bed — the floor was so cold. But that wouldn't do, now you were on probation.

You told Minnie she must be sure and kneel down. She said, couldn't God hear her just as well after she got in bed and covered up? But you told her no, she'd better get down on her knees. Because when folks got converted they had to say their prayers the right way.

Side by side you knelt on the icy floor, shivering as you hurried through with "Our Father." The minute you got to "Forever 'n ever, Amen," you went rolling into the feather-bed's consoling depths.

Minnie curled up by you like a little kitten and went right off to sleep. But you lay awake, looking at the silver path the moon made across your room. Thinking how much easier it would be to stay good, now your soul was saved.

When you joined the church it would be summertime — maybe Ma would make you a new white dress with lace on the ruffles. Maybe you'd get to sing in the choir afterwhile, or teach the infant class. Maybe you'd marry a minister sometime and get to live in the parsonage across the road from Little Flock. And you'd have a little boy named for your Pa and a little girl named Minnie, and — and —

The dark tide of slumber washed over you, bearing you away.

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Great Britain

The First Year Off the Gold Standard

by **HAROLD J. LASKI**

No government in the history of British politics has ever had a mandate more complete, or a reception so overwhelming as that which Mr. MacDonald won when he left the Labor Party in August, 1931. It was not merely that the impression was conveyed of strong men ardent to grapple with a difficult situation. It was not merely, either, that, as in the war, the dubious din of party conflict was to be stilled before national co-operation. There was a general and widespread relief that the Labor government was over. Foreign affairs apart — Mr. Henderson proved the most creative Foreign Secretary of modern times — the Labor Party in office never looked like a government. It had no faith in its own ideas; it never had the courage to use the ideas of anyone else. It broke down before the financial crisis simply because it was incapable of coherency or decisiveness. The electorate felt intuitively that it could not be trusted to deal with a grave situation.

The emotion which greeted the advent of a National Government under Mr. MacDonald was not, of course, wholly "pure" in character. Partly, it was the relief of capitalists that the danger of Socialism had passed for a time. Partly, it was the knowledge that the abandonment of Labor by Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues must inevitably strike a blow at Labor's electoral forces. Partly, also, it was the relief of the man in the street that the old, historic parties were to be in charge of events; the country has not yet become accustomed to the idea of Labor as more than a "freak" and occasional government. Partly, finally, the country accepted the view of the press that the dismissal of Labor meant a great and combined effort to restore the economic position of Great Britain. A National Coalition was, so to say, to restore the old lion to its youth.

All, indeed, did not go wholly according to plan. The government formed to save the pound promptly went off the gold standard ten days later; though it was then explained, amid a chorus of ecstatic eulogy from the press, that no greater gesture of emancipation could be conceived. The mystery of the balance of trade was then discovered; and the government, after two months of life, went to the country as a united coalition to enable it to take any measures it thought fit to preserve the balance of trade. It was not free trade; it was not protectionist. All parties, we were assured, had sunk their differences of dogma before the crisis. Every remedy would be examined with an impartial scrutiny. So long as the men who deserted the ship were decisively beaten, a new England would be made by men who brought open minds to the decision of the big issues involved.

The appeal succeeded. At the general election, the strength of Labor was reduced from 289 to 52; with but three exceptions, every front bench Labor supporter was beaten. Apart from the handful of Socialists, and the four members of Mr. Lloyd George's family, every member of the new House of Commons was a supporter of the National Government. The electorate was enthusiastic about the new administration. It swallowed its grim dose of additional taxation with hardly more than a sigh. It agreed to the imposition of heavy taxes on luxury imports. Mr. MacDonald was hailed as a savior; and the nation waited with breathless expectation for the new gospel of hope he was to deliver. Even in foreign countries, that attitude of breathless expectancy prevailed. The new government, in America, in France, and in Italy was greeted as evidence of national regeneration. The irresponsible period of dole-fed sentimentality was over. Great Britain, it was felt, had made an effort comparable with

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that of the war to confront the stern facts of her position.

What Has MacDonald Accomplished?

Nearly a year has passed since the crisis. What, in fact, has been the achievement of the National Government? How much remains of its professions? Mr. MacDonald, of course, still speaks with lyric ecstasy of the position, and Liberal ministers like Sir Herbert Samuel, though they announce in grave accents that they think the fiscal policy of the government (a) a betrayal of the understanding upon which the election was fought and (b) wholly disastrous for the future of the country, yet insist that in so critical a period they could not desert Mr. MacDonald.* The call for sacrifice (especially from the wage-earners) is still an insistent one. But what, declamation apart, has this ministry of all the talents actually contributed to national well-being?

Let us take, in the first place, the issues of foreign policy. Here, the government has had three big problems to confront. The Sino-Japanese crisis, the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, the reparations conference at Lausanne. What has it done about each of these?

Upon the Sino-Japanese dispute, it is pretty generally agreed that it cut a pitiful figure. Its one anxiety seemed to be to prevent any definite action being taken by the League of Nations. It resented any effort to apply the Covenant; it blinked at the clear violation of the Kellogg Pact. Japan was allowed to occupy Manchuria without even the offer of effective support to America's refusal to recognize a plain piece of imperialistic robbery. Sir John Simon seemed to want anything but the summons of the League Assembly. He minded nothing so long as the Assembly did not act. Shamed by the smaller powers into concurrence in a League investigation, his only anxiety, whether in Shanghai or in Manchuria, seemed to be the avoidance of offense to Japan the aggressor. In the gravest crisis the League has confronted since its inception, the British policy was, throughout, not merely irresolute, but a betrayal of the essential purposes for which it was formed.

Nor can a more satisfactory verdict be pronounced upon its disarmament policy. In one sense, perhaps, it would be sufficient to say that when its proposals were communicated to Lord Cecil, their character was such as to prevent him from accepting an invitation to form part of the British delegation. None of the British speeches seemed to indicate a perception that the world hungered for disarmament; and it is not an unfair description of the National Government's program to say that it generously offered to abandon the use of all the weapons which it found especially obnoxious to itself in the late war. It opposed the French effort to link disarmament with security. It cheerfully supported the transference of essential questions to those technical commissions in which experts could kill all progress. It had no creative proposals of its own to offer. Taking the simple view that Great Britain had already led the world in disarmament, it bears the heavy responsibility of depriving the Conference of that lead which might have lifted its effort to a constructive plane. As it is, there is no one now unaware that hopes for any creative result from the Conference are dead; and there are few people in England, outside the ranks of the Conservative Party, who do not feel that the failure is due to the government's lack of courage.

The results of Lausanne are, in one aspect, a solid victory for common sense since, apart from a final payment by Germany, the vicious system of reparations is for all practical purposes at an end. That is not, of course, an achievement to be laid to Mr. MacDonald's credit. No government could have done other than lift the burden from Germany's shoulders for the simple reason that its continuance had become economically and psychologically impossible. On Allied war debts Lausanne made no clear progress. Effectively, what it did was to hint to the United States that their cancellation was a condition of world recovery. But it took no steps to show Americans that cancellation was a justifiable adventure on their part. Everyone knew that in the American mind debts and disarmament were indissolubly connected. Nothing was done to suggest that the National Government realized their interconnection. Instead the world was fobbed off with the suggestion of a new economic conference in London during next winter; to be preceded by a

* Editor's Note: — *Since the writing of this article, Sir Herbert Samuel has resigned from the MacDonald cabinet, along with Viscount Snowden and Sir Archibald Sinclair.*

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conference of experts who should prepare the ground. What the latter could do that had not been already accomplished by the Geneva Congress of 1927 was not obvious; and what the latter was for, in the light of the subjects necessarily outside its purview, it was difficult to say. Lausanne was widely heralded as a great triumph for Mr. MacDonald. In fact, its sole accomplishment was to bury an iniquitous corpse with rejoicings intended to suggest that a sacrifice had been consummated.

Incompetence at Home

In the domestic field, the policy of the National Government has produced no exhilaration. There was no dissent from the drastic taxation by which it balanced the budget; any government could have done as much. Its prohibition of luxury-imports did not awaken any widespread criticism; the stern and unbending free-traders did not think the measure vital enough to fight upon. But when we move to the ground of positive measures, the record is pathetically barren.

After two months of discussion, the government went, bald-headed, for tariff reform. Despite its electoral pledges, with no more than a cabinet committee, from the conclusions of which the Liberals and Lord Snowdon dissented, a tariff was imposed which went far beyond the requirements of revenue; and, upon the basis of a cabinet agreement to disagree, the House of Commons was presented with the astounding spectacle of Liberal cabinet ministers denouncing the work of their Tory colleagues as fatal to the national well-being. The opinion of no single British economist of distinction could be quoted in favor of the new policy. Not a hint was given either of how it could help the stricken export trades, or do other than injure British shipping. No effort was made to explain how it could be reconciled with the oft proclaimed government view that economic nationalism was strangling Europe. The Tories had won the election; and with quite shameless urgency they proceeded to demand that pound of flesh which both Labor and Mr. Lloyd George had warned the unbelieving electorate was certain to be exacted.

No one yet knows what policy the government has about the pound. Sometimes it speaks as if the departure from the gold standard was a tragedy; at other times it seems to suggest that its greatest triumph has been to free Great Britain from the tragedies of deflation. We are bidden to understand that a rise in the value of the pound would be injurious. We have an "exchange equalization fund" of one hundred and fifty millions sterling to preserve its stability. Whether it is to be anchored to gold, or whether a consortium of sterling countries is to be created, no one seems to know. Some supporters of the government demand international action to secure a rise in prices to the level of 1928. Others speak of reflation. Others again suggest that a restoration in the price of silver would restore the purchasing power of the East. The Bank of England buys gold, no one quite knows why. The Chancellor of the Exchequer makes mysterious references to the complexity of the situation. But from August, 1931, down to the present time not a word has come from the government to suggest that it has any idea of what its currency policy should be.

The Labor Party fought the election upon the basis of national control of the banks. Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues insisted that national control meant disaster. Yet we are rapidly being driven in that direction. Supporters of the National Government are hardly less critical of the Bank of England than the Labor Party. When the government proposed to leave the management of the exchange equalization fund to the Bank, it had to accept a Labor amendment placing its control in the Treasury. There is a wide and growing sense that the power of finance is now so vital to the national life that it simply cannot be left in private hands; and it is not unthinkable that the very government returned to keep the impious hands of the state off the banks, may yet pursue the policy which brought Labor to electoral disaster.

What else, in the domestic realm, has the government achieved? It has dropped the bill for public ownership of London transport which not only secured the support of Labor, but of bodies like the London County Council and traffic experts like Lord Ashfield, who cannot be accused of Labor sympathies. Its Town Planning Bill has been completely denuded of effectiveness by the power of vested interests among property owners. Its Mining Bill frankly concedes to the coal owners — in a government of which Lord Sankey is a member

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— all that they could possibly desire; neither in wages nor in the method of bargaining is there any longer to be public regulation. The only measure of importance in the whole field of social legislation is a non-party measure which does something to improve the conditions of children in employment.

The figures of the unemployed have begun to show a serious increase. They are now worse than when the Labor Government was in office; for the right to unemployment insurance is now much more narrowly recognized. The "means test," introduced in a panic by Labor, is so harshly administered in some places, and so unevenly administered in all, that there is growing public discomfort at its iniquities. War pensions of disabled men are used to deprive them of unemployment benefit. There have been cases where the fact that an unemployed man's widowed mother does a little charing is made the basis of a reduction in his pay. Responsible bodies, the cotton unions in Lancashire, for example, have presented to the Public Assistance Committees cases of indefensible hardship. The government's reply to all protests is that it awaits the report of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance which began to sit over a year ago. But, meanwhile, there are literally thousands of families whom the means test has reduced to the very verge of starvation.

The one thing upon which the supporters of the government are agreed is the desirability of economy with a view to the reduction of taxation. All housing schemes have been slowed down; all educational development has been arrested. The scholarships which give the workers' children free places in the Secondary Schools have been drastically reduced in number; and a halt has been called to all school-building programs. The advocates of economy are not yet satisfied. There are hints, on good authority, of an Economy Bill of eighty million pounds which would almost reduce the expenditure on the social services to something approaching the pre-war figure. We should, that is to say, end at a stroke the effective social progress attempted since 1914. But upon the essential basis of the budget, the million per day expended upon the service of the National Debt, we hear nothing but some mild talk of voluntary conversion at a "favorable moment" which, at the outside, would save some twenty to thirty millions *per annum*. The contracts made with the rich have, it appears, a sacrosanct character; and the soldiers and sailors, civil servants, and teachers, whose wages have, in defiance of *their* contracts, been reduced, must grin and bear the burden.

Bungling in India; Futility at Ottawa

In the imperial realm, the policy of the government may be best described by saying that it is conceived in terms of imperialist prestige. The atmosphere of hope that was inherited in India from the Labor Government has disappeared. Sixty thousand arrests, including Mr. Gandhi and all his chief supporters, have been made since January. Negotiation has been replaced by repression. Government by ordinance has established a naked despotism in India, so drastic that it is not even certain that a report of the proceedings of the Legislative Assembly at Delhi may not be sedition. Where seven or eight months ago there was hope of a peaceful solution, to-day the discussion is conducted in the metaphors of open war.

Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues are acting in India precisely in the spirit of Mr. Lloyd George in Ireland after the Easter Rebellion of 1916, and, despite his profession that he has not changed, all the signs point to a similar evolution there. He speaks of the impossibility of yielding to violence when most of the violence is on his side. He has entrusted power in India to the bureaucracy which has no faith in the ideal of Indian self-government, and the determination to postpone its coming with all the means at their command. The Indian stage is set for a bitter conflict between nationalism and imperial prestige.

The great hope that the government held out to its supporters was the Imperial Conference at Ottawa. What has been the outcome of six weeks of hectic bargaining? The Dominions have wrung preferences from Great Britain on important food products. There are to be new duties on wheat and metals; and there is to be a quota system for meat imports. In return Great Britain is promised that no Dominion industries shall be protected against her competition unless they have reasonable assurance of being successful. It is not, I think, illegitimate to say that this simply means higher food prices, in a period of falling wages, in the

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mother country, in return for the possibility that some Dominion tariffs against Great Britain may be lowered in the future. The Conference has done nothing toward a freer general commerce. It has sacrificed the Argentine and Denmark — two of Britain's best fields of trade — to the rapacity of the Dominions. It offers no serious hope of any increase in British exports except in a very narrow field; and, even there, it sacrifices competitive efficiency to economic imperialism.

The very subdued reception of the results by the experts already has made it plain that, in any serious sense, Ottawa has been a complete failure. It showed that a closed imperial economic system is impossible because the passionate economic nationalism of the Dominions will not risk the results of competition from British manufacturers; the Dominions have nothing to offer Great Britain. The latter can still be "blackmailed" — to the general injury of world trade — in the name of imperial sentiment. But the most significant result of the Conference is its revelation that the idea of imperial economic unity is devoid of meaning before the solid vested interests it seeks to break down. It would have been far better for the British Empire if the Conference had never been held; for it is certain that the very partial agreement attained there will be repudiated by the first progressive government which comes to power in England.

One final word must be said about Ireland. Mr. de Valera's victory has brought into power the men whose only policy is built upon the memory of ancient wrong. Their repeal of the Oath was inevitable; their refusal to pay the land annuities raised complex legal questions above all suitable for reference to arbitration. It would probably be difficult to exaggerate the folly of Mr. de Valera's precipitancy, were it not that it is equaled only by Mr. Thomas's futile handling of the position. For to threaten Ireland with economic penalties if she ventured to accept Mr. de Valera's policy was the one sure way to win him support. His ideas are so foolish that he is bound, sooner or later, to be repudiated by an electorate which cannot bear to be fooled. The Oath is really a trivial issue; for if Irishmen object to taking it, Great Britain gains nothing by forcing it upon them. The land annuities are more difficult; but a display of reasonableness and patience by Great Britain is the only possible road to a decent settlement. Mr. Thomas's clumsy brandishing of the big stick may please the die-hard Tories. It does not advance the cause of reason by one inch. It is a cheap piece of imperialist flummery, out of all proportion to the issues involved. Worse, it is calculated by its very nature to injure that party in Ireland one must suppose Mr. Thomas to be most anxious to assist.

Panic Gives Way to Apathy

In the year that has passed since Great Britain changed her government the press has been full, both at home and abroad, of warm felicitation upon the magnificent spirit she has shown. Praise has been heaped upon her government as if it had brought her within reach of the new Jerusalem. Mr. MacDonald has been depicted, even by observers usually calm and rational, like Mr. Walter Lippmann, as something akin to a national savior. The defeat of the Labor Party has been accepted in most foreign countries as almost obvious proof of national regeneration.

It is, of course, true that the people accepted an imposing burden of taxation with almost a sense of luxury in the sacrifice. It is true, also, that the cut in unemployment relief was accepted without a murmur by its victims; and that the inevitable conversion has been a success. But the atmosphere of panic which Mr. MacDonald and his supporters created accounts for all this quite adequately without the necessity of suggesting that a new epoch in the development of British character had arrived. If the evidence of by-elections suggests anything, it is that the mood of panic has given way to one of apathy, for the government poll has everywhere declined by large percentages. Nor is that all. People are much less inclined to accept the view that the government is much more than the usual Tory combination. The Liberals are rapidly drifting into critical hostility. There is willingness even to accept the thesis of Mr. Lloyd George that the crisis was wildly exaggerated for party purposes. The honeymoon period of unquestioned enthusiasm has long since passed. Everywhere progressive minds are beginning to enquire how the progressive front against the most reactionary government of modern times can be created.

For the fact is that the last election was a

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"trick" election in just the same fashion as the Red Letter election of 1924. Mr. MacDonald — who has never understood finance — lent himself to the same kind of imposture as that of which he was himself the victim seven years before. He stampeded the voters into the belief that their economic existence was threatened, and utilized all the worst forms of rhetorical demagogy to exploit the tactical advantage he had won by the betrayal of his party. In the sense in which he used the term, there never was a threat to the pound. In that same sense, there was never any difficulty in balancing the budget. In that same sense, also, the cut in unemployment pay upon which he broke with his cabinet was neither demanded by foreign states nor necessitated by the economic position.

I think there was a good deal of sincere faith that he was acting for the best in the sense that he was himself frightened out of his wits. I think, also, that he was no longer in sympathy with his own party and had no desire to endure the tragedy of defeat. And with his profound and overweening vanity, it is not improbable that he told himself that he alone could save the country. Tories and Liberals not unnaturally welcomed a position which at once gave them the opportunity of power, and the chance of dividing the ranks of Labor by forcing it to a dramatic catastrophe. They remain Mr. MacDonald's masters. He has no future in British politics once he differs from them. Their desires must become his policy if he wishes — as he has eagerly wished ever since 1924 — to remain Prime Minister. To that he would cheerfully surrender not only a Socialism which has long ceased to have more than an academic meaning for him, but also social relations which he had long found less desirable than those which an aristocracy so skillful as the British will always open to the Prime Minister. Mr. MacDonald, after long years in the wilderness, has found his spiritual home. He first intrigued for a coalition government as far back as 1911; it took him twenty years to realize his objective.

But the talk of national regeneration is journalistic emptiness. There is no evidence in the policy of government of either large views or of creative innovation. So far from industry seeking to adjust itself to the necessities of a new world, it has rushed to take advantage of a tariff and the hope of wage reductions in order to postpone the urgent need for reorganization. That striking moral leadership which Mr. Henderson had given Great Britain has been replaced, in Sir John Simon's hands, by a nerveless timidity which threatens the very existence of the League of Nations. The chances of an Indian settlement are less bright than at any period since Lord Irwin became the Viceroy. The humbug of Empire Free Trade is paraded with that large enthusiasm which the barrenness of factual policy conceals beneath the exuberance of rhetorical sentiment. There is so much pessimism among even Ministers themselves that Mr. Baldwin, in the House of Commons, has to utter an ineffective protest against what he terms the "hysteria" of their speeches. After almost a year of office with unprecedented authority, it has become painfully clear that the "doctor's mandate" is a pitiful failure. For the chief physician can neither diagnose the disease nor prescribe the remedy for it.

That does not mean — short of the possibility of a world catastrophe — that the National Government may not endure for some years. The Labor Party has a big task before it. Not only must it recover from the shock of overwhelming defeat; it must also recover its spiritual foundations and remake its policy. It has to learn to become a Socialist party, not merely in a formal way, but in the very depths of its being. It has to learn that the capitalist citadel does not fall merely because it is enabled to take office. It has to discover how to will the coming of Socialism, to build the character and the determination that can utilize a victory at the polls. And, not less important, it has to re-educate the British people to the sense that its victory is not merely a variation upon a Conservative theme, but the definite and fruitful beginning of a new social order. To succeed, it must count the cost, and recognize that it has only begun to grapple with its problems. Any evolution other than this will destroy it as an effective factor in social change; and it must be prepared to pay the price of this evolution. For it must know now that the time has come for revolutionary changes in the way of English life, and it must fit itself to organize and dominate their coming. This at least can be said: that it is in the valley of the shadow of defeat that men learn the splendor of breasting the mountain.

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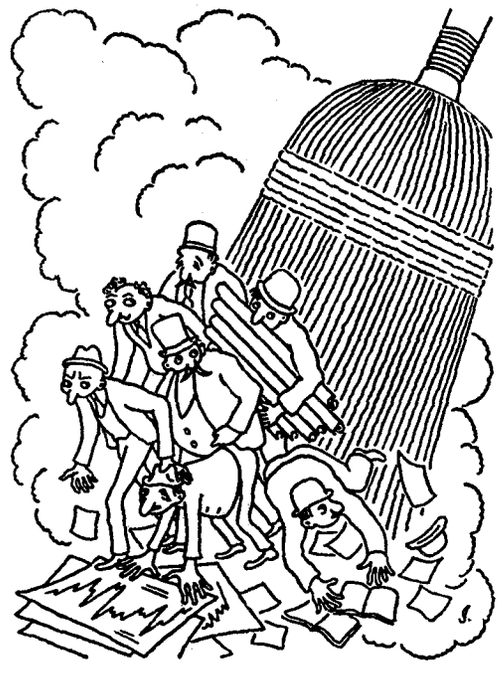
No Arguments, Please

by **TRAVIS HOKE**

WHETHER the current disillusionment is the end of an era or just something for the Democrats to harp on, the nation is getting ready for changes. We don't like ourselves as much as we used to, and somebody is going to do something about it; too much trash has piled up, and we are in for a job of housecleaning. How clean the sweep depends on who wields the broom and how new it is, but there is sure to be a reorganization of some sort.



Whoever the Reorganizers turn out to be, they will have their own notions of what to discard, but there is so much rubbish in the corners that they may forget the lint under the bed; and they will be too busy, when the time comes, to listen to requests. I should like, therefore, to place my order now, to list people and things that I wish eliminated.

The discards will never be missed. We acquired these items when we had charge accounts at all the stores, and though we become a race of string-savers we shall never need them again, I think. But no matter. I may be wrong about every item; I have no arguments; I don't care to hear any. I merely ask, in blunt, manly fashion, that the Reorganizers check my list with theirs, and, if they want to do a really good job, see to it that all items are thrown in the dustbin or sent to the Salvation Army.

If they do, what a pretty sight it will be! What heroes of hooey will bite the dust, what moral leaders, merchandising counselors, cathartic endorsers, symposium takers, beauty specialists! Millions now living may see the time, if the Reorganization works fast enough, when not one slogan writer, character analyst, or personnel director is left, and the day may even dawn, if Dr. Einstein sufficiently extends eternity, when neither interior decorator nor public relations counsel troubles the earth.

Presumably the Reorganizers will be business men and bankers, though God knows why they should be, and they will be careful in cleaning off what business and banking there is left. They will find many a bit of junk that they once thought valuable, and they will scrap it without a sigh. The first to go should be the efficiency experts and merchandise counselors, and the graph boys and jugglers of numbers and market-letter writers and business scientists generally.

It is hard to realize that once business staggered along without benefit of incantation. Graphs, market analyses, surveys, and other voodoo charms came only with the late flush times, came when the voice of the mock turtle was heard in the land, and they came disguised as Science. Always there was some queer attitudinizing, some high-toned justifying of the shameful practice of making money. Once it was the Romance of business that took the curse off, and after that, Service. Of late it is the gamey smell of Science that gladdens the business nostril, for, when times were last good, business, with its passion for merging, decided to take Science unto itself. Since then science has justified anything that sells and anything that sells justifies science.

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But the alliance turned out to be a wedding of the winds. The little Huxleys of merchandising and public relations seem not to have justified their own existence. And soon, if the Reorganization knows what it is doing, there will be no more chapters of Phi Beta Kappa in department stores, and advertising agencies will no longer bare the neck to the former professors of psychology.

Many commercial sorcerers have been ousted already; a few stand by to ballyhoo the brief flashes that serve to deepen the gloom, and to be learned and statistical about sales resistance and per capitas. But given a few more flops in prophecy, and the last of the mercantile magi will vanish, the veil of the mysteries will be rent, and business will come shivering out of its trance

Stylists Must Go

Lest anything be overlooked in getting rid of the experts and wise guys, this is a reminder to do the right thing with stylists. Stylists must go. Some of my best friends are stylists, but it can't be helped.

Stylists invent styles. They are the people who think up black bed linen, who put color in the kitchen and derbies on women's heads, and all-red-haired waitresses in chain restaurants. They sometimes re-design fountain pens and door knobs and get themselves called artists. They also determine, in advance, what is to be fashionable and what isn't; they hold secret conclaves, called style clinics, on trends of the mode, and then issue Delphic predictions to a quivering world. That makes them, of course, experts in prophecy.

"One of the discussions of the Parrish Clinic will be devoted to the effect of the Empress Eugénie hat upon the new silhouette, which calls for wider shoulders and slighter waistlines," a New York newspaper reported last year. "This should build up business in corsets and slips. Other 1890 influences upon this fall's modes include modified versions of the leg-of-mutton sleeve, bustles, draped skirts, birds and feathers on hats, wide-revered coats."

Since which time, because of the same influence, croquet has displaced golf, lighting is by gas, and General Motors make surreys. This has built up business in horseshoes.

Until recently the origin of stylists was in doubt, but patient research has discovered it. Once, it seems, manufacturers turned out what they thought wholesalers would buy, and wholesalers bought what they thought the public would take, and since there was not any too great choice, the public took it. While business was muddling along in this manner, some restive lady, with a husband and machinery grinding out leisure for her, decided to Do Things. She asked a department store owner to dinner, and revealed to him that since his buyers were once cash girls and shoe clerks, they lacked Background. How could they know style? Why not leave style to people with Backgrounds — herself, for example? Flattered, the magnate forgot that his serfs had taught the stylish style; flush, he forgot that they had dragged in the dollars for him; flustered, he scented uplift and psychology all in one anise-seed bag. Came the dusk.*

Now stylists are all over the place. They tell buyers what to buy and makers what to make, and so there are many more kinds of things for the public not to buy than there used to be, and psychology rages, and it is all very depressing. But that is for business people to worry about. The real objection to stylists is that they are nuisances. They get in your hair. They chisel into almost polite society. One dines out: "Amusing, these salt cellars. From Gunkel's, aren't they? We style them in mauve." At bridge: "You simply must see our sets in buff and beige — you can barely tell one deck from the other. Amusing, eh?"

Luring stylists can be told afar off if the wind is right, for every tenth word is "amusing." But they are difficult to escape. They exalt the commonplace, they talk only of Things, they are bores, and what is worse, vivacious bores, and their sole virtue is their absence. Nobody has had the courage to count the stylists, but we can get along without twice their number, whatever it is. If we lose them we lose a lot of Background, but women's fashions will continue the splendid practice of exposing or featuring different parts of the body in successive years (if new anatomy be needed, it will be found) so all will be well.

**It will not be necessary to do anything about other emancipated women of leisure who did not manage to become stylists. Of these, all longing to Do Things, the wealthier started gowne shoppes, the elderly opened tea roomes, alumnæ of Vassar become entertainmente secretaryes. This sort of thing takes care of itself.*

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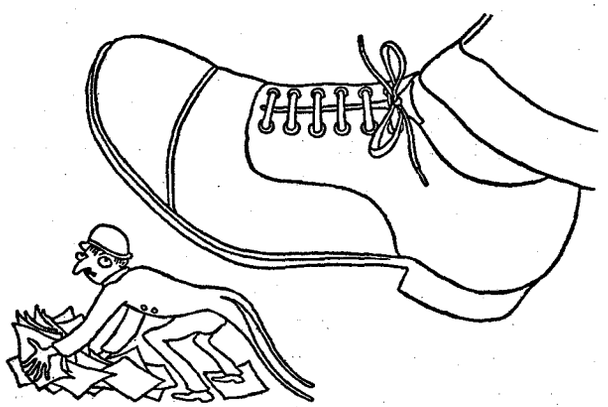
The housecleaners will find a lot of broken furniture and they may as well burn it up. That means Big Men. Let's not have any more Big Men. We can't afford them, they don't last long enough, they clutter up the attic. A mere ten years ago the earth trembled under Big Men, Moral Leaders, Industrial Giants — huge intellects busy putting God in His heaven. Now it is difficult to muster half a dozen, and most of them are badly shrunk. No man may be Big except by public consent — consent seduced by public relations counsel, of course — therefore he is not to be too ardently trampled when he punctures, but let us have no more Leaders. We cannot keep pace with Giants; we would best be on our own. Unless something is done about it, however, there will be Big Men again, for the public pumps with one hand while it punctures with the other. But let them be smaller giants and funnier, and not named for their stature but for their ability to run committees.

It may be necessary to enact laws against naïveté as well as welkin-ringing, in order that there may be some pondering about the mystic urge to be a country's saviour — an urge so foreign to the average citizen that he believes it exists in those he thinks he has chosen to lead him. With naïveté forbidden, there may be musings as to why statesmen and leaders generally should be so absorbingly concerned with what happens to any but themselves, there may arise some faint notion that they, like the unordained, are out for money, power, whatever they can get. If the backyard bonfire is big enough, it may try out some of the blubber about moral leadership and patriotism and duty and lofty motives generally, and it may even yet be conceived that intelligent selfishness will help ourselves as it helps them, the leaders. So no more Big Men, please.



And not so much talk about Science, either. Science is the great American excuse for everything from mouthwash to Arctic tours, but it is time some other excuse was invented — the desire to sell mouthwash would do, for example, or the craving to lecture on the Arctic. If the science alibi is barred, it will be worth while for the exploring racket alone. Think of the waning hoop-te-doo over expeditions to send Rover Boy stories to the *New York Times!* Non-union scientists can sometimes be got to whisper that there is nothing left to study at either pole that could be worth the cost, to science or anything but press syndicates. Geographers are pleased, of course, but we do not care for any more geography; what we have on hand is depressing enough. Adventurers may continue to broadcast good cheer from the Arctic and Antarctic, and heckle albino Indians in Paraguay, and photograph themselves shooting various beasts on the veldt, but there should be less chit-chat of science about it; and let us grow less laurel for wreaths.

If this matter is attended to properly, anybody who retrieves a sample of polar ice or drags the deep for pop-eyed fish from a fancy yacht, will have to do it for the movie rights, or because he likes to, and not because he is lending a hand to sainted Science. It may be impossible to prevent such heroes from setting out for assorted wilds; in fact, they should be encouraged to set out, but they should be allowed only one-way tickets.

Toward a New Dawn

It may be more difficult to get rid of cosmetologists — they are so numerous and their victims are so gullible — but it is worth trying. They are the beautors, the haughty personages who tend altars in the temples of skin foods, facials, packs, and permanents, who lure their prey with pseudo-science that comes close to plain lying, and who, like stylists, also have their institutes and clinics. Their heyday began only a few years ago. Once upon a time, Hans Christian Andersen says, women begged hard for leisure in which to cultivate their minds. At last there was so much money that nobody cared, and they got leisure in which to cultivate their minds. Immediately there sprang up some 20,000 shrines to beauty in New York City alone, and almost all speak-

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easies opened women's mind-cultivating departments. I am not noted for aversion to female beauty, nor yet to cultivating female minds, but $117,000,000 a year is a lot of money to spend on unwrinklers and nose pulls and cheek pats and ear rubs, and the rumor is that women managed to pass as beautiful before the wave was made permanent. When the beautors shall have been smothered in their own mud-packs beauty will again be a household art, and if dermatologists know anything, the revived use of soap and water might make women more toothsome than they are now (if that were imaginable). At least, we might have fewer hair-sculptors named Eugene.

Once women's mind-cultivating has been attended to, it would be well to consider restricting the number of things done for, with, and to children. Those who have children presumably have to take an interest in them, but there is a feeling among non-fanciers, a feeling probably shared by the tots themselves, that too much by a long shot is thought and said and done about them. Perhaps there should be only a six-hour working day for dallying with their repressions, perhaps less rod-sparing would prove the shorter and the kinder cut. At any rate, the age of perfect enlightenment must be raised from eleven to fifteen; this will give oldsters four more years of the delusion that they know anything, and it will make a saving of hard knocks for the tots themselves in the rough days of the new order, when Frank Merriwell has slapped the tar out of Winnie-the-Pooh. I ask, also, repeal of the statute requiring us to like children and to venerate mother love. I am tired of having to cheer a biological urge. Meanwhile, there should be fines imposed on those who say "My small son."

There is one thing that the Reorganization should restore immediately to its former glory, and that is advertising. Of late advertising has atrophied; where it used to give us the picture of the pretty girl leaning against something, which sold anything from ear trumpets to mittens, we now have only a picture of her legs, and if this decadence keeps up we shall have only one leg, and that will never do. So advertising must be restored.

Besides, there is a debt owing to it: it made us what we are to-day. Advertising watched over our health and our manners, it shamed the halitose and the tartar-toothed, it slicked our

hair and thinned our hips, and stopped public coughing, it guarded the Adam's apple and taught us how to get raises by mail and how to remove the bones from filet mignon with the proper fork.

It was a staunch force for democracy — it revealed to us the kind of beds our best people slept in, what soap they used on their stockings, the things they read and ate and drank and smoked, and what they did about blackheads. It revealed these things to us and put them up in pretty packages and made us buy them, throwing us and the very swellest people all together in one big family, sharing our little intimate secrets until we almost liked each other.

It shook us gently, when the war profits were piling up, and made us see that we were Victorian, that the stork was a myth, that the naughty-naughty was stylish and profitable. It shoved us out into the Smarty Age, it sold us *parfums* in *flacons* and named them *Nuits des Baisers* and *Nuits des Lits* and other *Nuits*, it made us realize that "underwear" means red flannel and taught our women to wear panties and scanties instead. It developed for us, in short, the nation's most valuable possession, sex appeal, and marketed it.

Eventually, however, *flacons* and panties and such will seem no more insouciant than a drawing of teacher on a slate, and if then ad-

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vertising is not in good trim, how will it be able to conference out something else as profitably wicked? Advertising worked miracles and blindfold tests, it made us what we are today, and it must be restored.

And let us become less health-minded. It should be easy to arrange. Already we are tired of going around full of health all the time; health is too much trouble for a people beset with the puzzle of finding a living. The daily dozen dwindles, restaurant menus no longer print the calorie count, citizens eat by ear instead of note, and only 3.1416 out of five now have pyorrhea. New vitamins are discovered daily, of course, and will be discovered until the alphabet gives out, but by that time every food will be so stuffed with vitamins that anybody can eat anything — especially since anybody will be glad to get anything to eat — so that nothing need be done about the whole-wheatists and that ilk. Perhaps it is too much to ask that the fresh air and exercise addicts be imprisoned for public boasting, but may we have less autobiographical reading matter about those who cure their beri-beri, thrush, and double nostalgia by eating yeast — and funnier pictures, if any? And certainly it would be simple to provide that the physical cultors and colon washers and electrical shockers and chiropractors go back to moving pianos.

It will be less simple to sort out the doctors of medicine. It won't hurt to keep such specialists as oculists who treat both eyes, but the sub-specialists in left retinas, folliculitis of the aorta, *etc.*, can be dispensed with. Like stylists, they popped up when the haze of burning money blurred the horizon, but now that visibility heightens there are few collisions with the fancier diseases. If sub-specialists are junked, there will be an increase of general practitioners; a doctor will have to take cases of housemaid's knee as well as butcher's ear, and diagnose them for himself, and even do something about curing them single-handed. Most surgeons should be permitted to slip off to countries lacking extradition treaties, and maybe — after all, who could foresee the radio? — maybe hospitalization can be made to cost a dollar or two less per minute.

It Can Be Done

The whole culture of the Chromium Age must be gone over carefully, for much of it must be destroyed if the new order is to avoid the follies of the old. Not long since, the weeding out would have seemed a hopeless task, but already some of its more repellent aspects have vanished. Who, for example, now reads the masterpieces of literature that reviewers discovered daily, hot off the press? Who hangs the Important paintings that the art boys dug out of every "show" and got so art-slangy about? What of the gory battle over Humanism? Whose was the glorious victory? And just what was Humanism and what did it matter?

It was an eager culture, but it dealt almost entirely with Things; Humanism, and Imagism, and being dull in detail, and the exploitation of gynecology in print were about the only shreds of ideas it ever bothered with; its sole progress was in Things, and the way to handle it is to make Things so scarce that their culture will die from undernourishment.

There must be less gabble, for instance, about "interiors" and silvered dressing tables and cockeyed bookcases that don't hold books, and chairs from a Chinese torture chamber. People may go on using tall thin furniture and short squat furniture if they got stuck with it, but they must not insist on telling how its design was brilliantly inspired by skyscrapers and gas houses. Nor must there be such strident affection for antiques; there will be antiques and more genuine ones, but only because Things will have to last longer.

That they will have to last longer is unfortunately true also of architecture. The best that can be done, then, is to give it a chance to lie in the gutter and take a rest, especially as to skyscrapers. Architecture is the easiest art about which to show off culture, and the skyscraper has been unqualifiedly accepted as something patriotically to admire, its usefulness and economy unimpeached, the while rents rocketed and traffic congealed to a standstill. It would be heartening to know that new skyscrapers are to be scarce, and if there must be so much talk about them they — in fact, all buildings — ought to be worth looking at.

But they probably won't be, for many years to come, and therefore, until architecture and some other aspects of our culture show signs of reform, let us have a moratorium on buildings and Things and — why not? — progress generally.

Whatever else the moratorium applies to,

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it must include grand opera. The public must no longer be made to think that opera is something it ought to like, or even that it is good, and its patronage should be limited to those who now go in for Morris dancing. Thus it will not be so loudly supported, as to Diamond Horseshow or deficit, and after the moratorium expires, nothing more will be heard of it.

The moratorium should not be applied to certain kinds of writers and writing, however, for there must be assurance that their reorganization will be permanent. There must be a regulation, for example, to the effect that the motion picture industry get itself a new story for the films, so that the hordes of adapters and treatment handlers and continuitists and dialogicians will be dispersed, and authors who can write a complete play all by themselves will have a chance. Fiction writers must be forbidden to make their heroines look in mirrors as a pretext for describing them, or the Reorganization will have failed miserably, and on no grounds whatsoever may there be more than five hundred poems a year by girl poets about their lovers chasing them up alleys. This last restriction will automatically limit the number of times reviewers can write "slender sheaf of verse," and their plight will be pitiable; but we must be ruthless — they brought it on themselves.

There is more to be done about literature, however. The great American invention, localized fiction magazines called "pulps" in the trade, must be localized still further until they specialize as minutely as do the medical sub-specialists. No one pulp magazine shall be allowed to cover so large a section as the Northwest, for example; there must be Oregon Orgies and Rochester Rape Romances and Submarine Seduction Mysteries. Then the pulp readers — having read exactly, instead of almost, the same story a sufficient number of thousands of times — will make one issue last a lifetime.

As to newspapers, a good many changes will suggest themselves from time to time, but at the moment two regulations seem enough for me to ask. Newspapers must be informed that unless they cease to print exhibitionist profundity about columnists' selves, wives, dogs and children, they will be required to print only news; what could be more effective? And there must be some permanent omissions from the Sunday rotogravure sections, among them, for a start, Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte at East Hampton, the ladies and gentlemen in riding breeches who stand on tigers' heads, Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken ready for the Beaux Arts Ball, those always Seen at the Races, the Gertrude Stein Girls in their cheesecloth scanties leaping about a California beach at the photographer's dawn, Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte at Southampton, President Hoover, with trout; Ex-President Coolidge, with trout; Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte.

While they are attending to the elimination of these photographs — which in some cases will just about mean the elimination of the personages themselves — the Reorganizers might as well do away with a few more people and things. They should be strict about Cossacks who stand before basement restaurants, about basement restaurants and restaurants built in imitation of the Taj Mahal, about Hawaiian guitarists, ukelele and backgammon players, people who say they feel badly, people who say hectic, speakeasies where one gets a marvelous dinner for only $8.50, Junior League mannequins, door-to-door brush salesmen, people whose conversation consists in anecdotes, any person of any sort or description who affects cheerfulness before ten in the morning, and people who leave the radio turned on while playing bridge. There are unquestionably others who belong on this list, but their identities escape me for the moment.

All this has been a large order; it may be that much of it will be ignored. But there is one thing that must be done if nothing else on the list is touched: The Great God Service must be sewed up for a long winter. What if the fussy Foundations totter, the incidence of hay fever in unmarried mothers stays unsurveyed, chiaroscuro in Persian Art remain unmonographed? If it becomes necessary, there must be so little business that what little remains will be minded strictly, in order that snoopers will have to quit snooping, for lack of financial support. With enough good-doers starved out, the game of letting others alone will become the national pastime, and if the Reorganization accomplishes nothing more than that, it will have justified itself.

Next Month — "Thank You, England," by John V. A. Weaver.

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Educated to Death

by **ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK**

When my children arrived at school age we were living in a small mining camp on the east slope of the Bolivian Andes. Even in the cities of Bolivia there were no schools — or at least no schools suitable for Gringo children — and we had no chance of leave for at least three years. It was evident, then, that it was up to me to get the young minds into action.

My own education was what might be called spotty. As a family we had moved with alarming frequency and enthusiasm, and several times I graced as many as three academies of learning in the course of a single year. I remember a charming four months spent in a convent in Omaha, where I waxed religious and dallied with the idea of a "vocation." Those mystic months, the memory of which even now brings to me the smell of incense and the muffled click of wooden beads slipping through chill, virginal fingers, were followed by a short term in a country school in South Carolina, where I discovered with pleasure that if you had pink cheeks and curls you might spell *pig* "pyge" without giving offense to the male members of the class. The year was rounded out by a brief sortie into the public schools of New York City, a period of sheer horror during which I had to be in line at the tap of a bell, do everything in unison with a mass of other children, and was held up to public scorn for certain gaps in my scholastic equipment.

Then the family fortunes carried us to England, and for six years I pursued knowledge in a rather dilettantish fashion, attending school occasionally, staying home more frequently; but always intellectually occupied. There was a set of Dickens, printed in tiny type, two columns to a page, and an unlimited supply of cheap copies of Thackeray and Trollope and Jane Austen. There was Hardy flaunting his Jude and his Tess in the face of respectable Victorianism; there were the disturbing thoughts of a younger Wells, of Ibsen, and of Shaw. There were grown-up conversations to be listened in on — conversations where new, alarming opening-of-the-century ideas were boldly considered. There were theaters where for a shilling and a mere three or four hours standing in a queue you could see Irving and Terry, Forbes Robertson, Tree, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, or the visiting Sarah Bernhardt and Duse.

From London I was suddenly wafted to Baltimore, and, in the course of a year or two, I found myself by some miracle installed as secretary to the illustrious professor of Greek at Johns Hopkins University — Basil L. Gildersleeve. For five perfect years I worked and learned — learned many things that are usually taught to children in secondary schools. Then I married, and, oddly enough, I was pitched back into my old vagrant ways; for my husband is a geologist and our life a series of migrations.

I mention these autobiographical facts simply to show that I tackled the job of educating my children in no orthodox spirit. I was not intrigued with the official branding of the child, with the precise thing he should be learning at a precise time, with the particular class he should be in, with the ultimate arrival at his "college boards" and the painful working up to the sacrosanct degree. What engaged me was the adventure of education. There were things to be known, wonderful, splendid things; there were pictures to be seen, music to be heard, a world of books to be explored. And my chief aim was to head my progeny into the wind in order that they might get as much fun out of education as I had myself.

The Three R's in the Wilderness

Our camp, as I have said, was in the Andes. We were something over twelve thousand feet above sea level, leagues from a railroad, miles even from an automobile road; and

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our only line of communication with the outside world was a mule trail. Under normal circumstances we got mail twice a week, but quite frequently circumstances were not normal — snow blocked the trail, floods washed out bridges, landslides cut off the automobile road, trains were held up, the mail pouch wasn't thrown off at the station.

Our community was small and shifting. At times every tent — for we lived in tents — in the walled inclosure called Pongo was filled. At other times the place was practically empty, and often Bob and Polly (the offspring) and I were left for months at a stretch to represent the women and children element.

It can be seen, then, that our existence was somewhat stark and barren, and that we could hope, in our quest for standardized learning, to draw little from our surroundings. We had no library, we had no pictures, we had no music save that which we got from a portable Victrola and a limited collection of jazz records, we had none of the pedagogical devices used in the civilized world to quicken youthful interest. Our only apparatus was a slightly damaged home instruction course, a blackboard made and presented by the camp carpenter, and a counting device of wooden beads that moved on wires — a gift from Juan, the Chinese cook at the Mill staff house.

I advanced on education, however, with boundless enthusiasm and some very definite ideas of what I wanted. Even I, rebel that I was, realized that a certain amount of drudgery is the unfailing accompaniment of achievement and that the painful three R's must be attacked and conquered. Therefore, each day we slaved diligently over words of one syllable, tables, and the agonizing mechanics of written English. But this I considered only the outward, if necessary, husk of education. The kernel was to teach a child to stand on his own two feet, to realize the things of beauty that were his for the taking, and to arouse in him the desire to take them. In other words, to give him the will to educate himself. All the mere training, the mental hoop-jumping, was, without this will, as much spiritual benefit to him as it was to the highly educated flea or the super-humanly intelligent pig of the circus.

To achieve this end, I decided that actual school hours must be few, and we never devoted more than two hours a day to what we felt were tasks. Planting ideas and then busying yourself in poking and prodding at them to see how they were coming on seemed to me as stupid as planting a seed and digging it up at intervals to see if it had taken root. And if school hours must be few, supervision also must be limited. Even the youngest child is entitled to a certain amount of privacy and leisure in which to "clear his mind and compose his spirit" — to quote Walter Lippmann's advice to politicians.

So for nearly three years the children and I nosed along pleasantly in these comfortable educational paths. If our working hours were short, the process of development went on at an amazing pace. Bolivians as a people are extremely decent to children, and from Fidel, the *arriero* who took them on their daily rides; from Teresa, the little Chola who presided over our kitchen; from Modesto, the camp *mozo;* from Maestro, the staff house cook; even from Caesar, our small houseboy, Bob and Polly gathered all sorts of delightful, if rather unconventional, information. Then our fellow campers — the Doctor, the engineers, the office staff — never talked down to them or exploited them as "cute kids." On the contrary, they demanded that the children be good sports and good citizens, if they expected to be recognized at all; and in return for these virtues they admitted them to a certain degree of comradeship.

The result of these contacts was an endless flow of discussion — religious, biological, political, and ethical. Nothing was too unimportant or too intimate to be treated in open forum — the efficacy of prayer, the relative results of such prayer if addressed to God, to the Blessed Virgin, or merely to an angel, the comparative merits of America and Great Britain, why you mustn't say "*Viva Chile*" in a gathering of Peruvians, why Gypsy, our Airdale friend, had pups so often, why the "lady" at the Mill camp threw her new baby in the river, who was the kindest king of England, why some gentlemen and even some ladies got *borracho* at parties.

Nature's Schoolroom

Bob, the elder of my pair by more than two years, learned to read apparently overnight, and developed an avid passion for the written word in any of its manifestations. He

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would read anything — the newspapers that lined the pantry shelves, the wrappers that covered cakes of soap or bottles of medicine or hair tonic, the family cook book or the family Bible.

Censoring children's reading always seemed to me unnecessary as well as dangerous. Left to himself, the average healthy child will blandly sail through the most erotic book without harm. He is reading for the story, for the adventure, and unless his curiosity is aroused by horrified warnings, the erotic portions either bore him as a deterrent to the action or escape him altogether. So Bob read everything that came into camp. I remember finding him one morning seated in the automobile that he and Caesar had constructed out of my washtub, bent double over a book.

"What are you reading?" I asked, sticking my head under the hood, which was my best silk umbrella.

My son raised dream-drugged eyes from the page, and thrust his five gallon hat on the back of his head.

"It's called *The Green Hat*," he answered. "The Doctor lent it to me."

"Do you like it?" I climbed into the washtub and seated myself beside him.

"Well," he said slowly, "it's very peculiar. It's about a lady named Iris, and I don't seem to understand her. She's very queer. But the parts of it that she's not in are pretty good."

"Are you going to finish it?"

"Of course I'm going to finish it." A soiled, fat, small-boy finger stroked the green cover lovingly. "It's a book, isn't it? But I have to hurry a little" — he looked invitingly over the side of the tub, and I knew that my presence was an embarrassment — "You see, Mack said I could have his new book — *The Son of the Middle Border* it's called — if I promised to put it back on his table every evening at half-past five, 'cause he's reading it too. So, if you don't mind, I'll just finish these few pages."

The Son of the Middle Border, followed by *The Daughter of the Middle Border*, were real events in our lives. Bob read them with his heart as well as his mind, and at every meal Polly and I were regaled with anecdotes of the Border family. One dreadful morning my child tottered into my bedroom, an open book clutched to his bosom, his face working up and down in hideous grimaces, his eyes tragic.

"Jessie's dead!" he gasped. Jessie was the daughter of the Border family.

"Dead, Bob?" Polly asked in a trembling voice. "*Muerto por entero?*"

"Don't be an ass, Polly." Even Bob's grief couldn't quench his scorn. "If you're dead, you're dead. And Jessie's dead. I'll never feel the same again."

The death of Jessie was only one of our literary adventures. A highly partisan history of England (*Child's*, by one Charles Dickens) that I had picked up at a secondhand book stall in Los Angeles, carried us on a wave of burning indignation over the greater part of British history. *The Conquest of Peru*, with its more or less local setting, kept us occupied for months and sent both children, as well as Caesar and any other available recruits, on intensive treasure hunts all over the neighborhood. Nothing in printed form escaped the eagle eye of my child, and from his promiscuous reading ideas flowered freely.

"I've been thinking about God," he announced one night at supper, "and my idea is this." He placed his elbows on the table and glared sternly at Polly and me. "Now, I think that God is everything — the tents and the sky and the trees and the mules and Fidel and the mountains and perhaps even Caesar. I think there must be a mistake about one person being God for such a big world, and I've thought about it a lot, too."

"But, Bob" — Polly was obviously shaken to the core by this revolutionary theory — "But, Bob, what about El Señor God in the Capilla — you know, the gentleman with the whiskers?"

"That's just what someone thought God ought to look like. How could anyone really know, when no one has seen God? No, God couldn't be just one person. I've talked it over with the Doctor, and he thinks like I do; so I guess we're right."

In their play, as in their work, the children were absolutely independent and self-sufficient. With no movies, no radios, no automobiles in which to cruise about the countryside; with only occasional other children and practically no toys, they were never at a loss for something to do, and never did I hear the cry that later came to be a nightmare — "What'll we do?"

There was always something to do because

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they were allowed to find it themselves and their creative powers were not atrophied by organized games or supervised play. Under the auspices of Caesar, a masterly construction engineer in embryo, an aërial tramway was constructed up the hillside — a splendid affair of strings and bits of wire and sticks and match boxes that carried ore from a mine of fool's gold to a mill by the river. It was Caesar, too, who conducted a damming campaign on the stream above the staff house, and thereby nearly exterminated the camp chickens and rabbits by flood. Then there was that golden dream that haunts all mine children — the possibility of finding a vein; and it was seldom that a prospecting party wasn't on foot. Even during the long months of the rainy season time never dragged. Life was an adventure, and what mattered the weather?

Enter Demon Organization

Bob was nearly ten when our leave came; old enough, we felt, to be plunged into orthodox education and become as others of his kind. From the roots of my being I dreaded the boarding-school, summer-camp existence of so many mining children, and when my mother offered to keep Bob with her, our hearts were much lightened. So we put him in an excellent country day school in what I had come to claim as my home city.

To my relief, I found that our leisurely, comfortable school years had been effective, that my child was fully equipped to enter the proper class for his age, and that in most respects he was far ahead of children who had spent practically their whole lives in pre-schools and kindergartens. I know it's rather awful for a mother to trumpet forth the glories of her young, but I should like to mention, merely as a link in my chain of argument, that he received a prize at the end of the year for excellence in study and that he was elected president of his class.

A week after school opened we left him — a fat little boy with a white, anguished face and frightened eyes, who called in a pain-stiffened voice as the gangplank was lifting,

"I won't forget you, Muddy. And write often — won't you, Muddy?"

It was three years before we saw him again.

When we returned at the end of another contract, we were overwhelmed by good reports on our child. His grandmother rated him worthy, if somewhat more headstrong than her own children had been. His teachers pronounced him an excellent student as well as a good citizen. He was a Boy Scout. He was a member in sweet odor of the local Episcopalian Sunday School. And he belonged to a socially satisfactory dancing class.

Only after I had been home a few weeks did I fully realize the price he was paying for this apparently flawless existence.

At half-past eight each morning he left the house, and rode on the street car the scant mile that lay between our home and his school.

"Why don't you walk?" I asked, remembering the all-day tramps over the Bolivian hillsides.

"It's a long way," he answered, "and people in this neighborhood don't walk. They have autos. Why haven't we an auto?"

At shortly before six he returned.

"But, Bob," I remonstrated, "do you always get home as late as this? These are peon's hours. What do you do all day?"

"Well, we have school until one. Then we have lunch. Then we have school again until half past two. Then we have athletics — football or baseball or lacrosse or soccer. Then we take a shower and have a glass of milk and a sandwich and come home."

"Don't you get tired of being with people all the time? Don't you ever want to do things by yourself?"

"No" — his voice was slightly superior — "No, it's different here from what it was in Bolivia. There you just did things because you wanted to do them, but here you've got your school or your troop or your team to think about."

After dinner there was none of the pleasant loitering of our tent days, none of the fiery discussions during which Teresa or Caesar might be called in to corroborate a debatable point, none of the leisurely exchange of anecdotes. On the contrary, we finished our meal hurriedly under the wordless reproach of the maid, who thirsted to clear up and be off, and under my mother's gentle but firm reminder, "Bob has his home work to do."

Even when Friday night with its surcease from home work came, there was no let-up.

"Bob's Scout meeting is at half-past seven. Don't fail to be on time for dinner."

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Saturday mornings were usually devoted to expeditions, either supervised by the school or the Scout troop, but in both cases undertaken with a definite idea of kudos to be gleaned. The school trips were of an instructive character and covered glass factories, steel works, or perhaps a newly-built dam, about which a composition must later be written. The Scout affairs invariably hinged on the piling up of a certain number of miles, the grilling of a frankfurter over a fire or the construction of a hunter's stew — all steps toward a more elevated place in the hierarchy of Scoutdom.

On Saturday night the child danced.

On Sunday morning he went to Sunday School. I watched him, my first Sunday home, as he arrayed himself in his neat blue suit, his impeccable linen, his polished shoes, and I thought of his Bolivian regalia — his five gallon hat, his puttees, his spurs, his knife swinging at his belt in its leather sheath.

"Do you like your Sunday School?" I asked, more to ease the pain of thinking than from curiosity.

He tore his regard from the mirror, where he was scrutinizing his face for a blackhead or a possible whisker.

"Yes, I like it all right, but sometimes I think I'd rather be a Presbyterian, if only Gran wouldn't make such a fuss about it."

"Why do you want to be a Presbyterian?" I sat forward eagerly. At last we were about to regain our old footing and talk things over.

"Well, I'll tell you." His eye was quite humid with emotion, and his voice rose. "Do you know they never have a Sunday School picnic at St. James's? Dr. Trevis says children of our class don't need picnics! Did you ever hear anything to beat that? Now, at the Presbyterian Church they have swell picnics and the best Christmas trees I ever saw in my life; and sometimes it just about makes me sick of being an Episcopalian. Gran or no Gran I'd change anyway, if only all our crowd didn't go to St. James's."

"What Shall I Do?"

But it took Sunday afternoon, the only unsupervised hours of the week, to demonstrate the blasting effect of this organized living. Then the child sat on the end of his spine and wailed aloud:

"What'll I do? There's nothing to do!"

"Why don't you get on your things and go for a walk?"

"Muddy, I've told you people don't walk any more. You can go for a hike, but you have to have other people for that. All the other boys go for automobile rides on Sunday afternoon. Gee, I wish we had a car!"

"Well, just let's talk."

"Talking isn't any fun. What's there to talk about?"

"Well, then, read." A rising desire to shake my offspring edged my voice.

"I finished my *Saturday Evening Post* yesterday, and you stuffed the funnies down the incinerator," he answered indignantly.

"There are lots of books you haven't read on the shelves. Get yourself a book."

"I don't have time to read books any more. You know I don't have time."

Didn't have time! Of course he didn't have time. The poor little devil was nothing more than a slave, a slave driven relentlessly forward by the knout of our own ambition. We wanted him to be a Grade A product, just as we wanted a Grade A automobile or a Grade A radio — a possession at which to point with pride. And when did we give him time to "clear his mind and compose his spirit," to conceive a single original and unsupervised thought, to dream, even, of adventure and delight?

What are we going to do about it? I don't know — I'm asking. If I were sure enough of myself, if I were brave enough, I might release the child from his bondage; but I'm not. Furthermore the child himself would be the first to revolt against being removed from his fellows and put in a class by himself. I can't be sure that my own particular pedagogical methods had any great virtue, although I feel they must have had their points. I can't present my own erratic and somewhat loose-jointed education as anything desirable or practical. I realize that it is at one pole, but I do contend that our modern system is at the other; and that on the whole it is less desirable and less practical, because, while it might be well enough for the nine and ninety ordinary spirits, it spells death to the possible hundredth who would, were he to be left alone, serve his generation.

No, what we need is a middle way and time, please — time to think, time to dream, time to educate ourselves.

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Radio Reviews

What to Listen to These Frosty Nights

by **CYRUS FISHER**

We have enough lively, charming, amusing, and intelligently produced broadcasts to prove that there is talent — even genius — behind the microphone. Unfortunately, because the sponsors pay the piper they fondly believe they have the right to select the tunes. And the sponsors, in many cases, are wretchedly incompetent showmen.

As an example of their lack of appreciation of what the public will stand, the sponsors have long demanded permission to hawk the prices of their products in the commercial announcements. This permission has been granted. I predict this will be so misused that an explosion will be provoked ultimately beneficial to all others concerned with the radio.

Walter Damrosch's Music Class

N.B.C. Music Appreciation Hour, conducted by Walter Damrosch. Milton J. Cross, announcer. Damrosch directing program and leading N.B.C. symphony orchestra. (Students' notebook prepared by Dr. Charles H. Farnsworth.) Bennett Larson, production. E. R. Cullen, sound-engineer. Sustaining program — no advertising. N.B.C. WJZ and WEAF networks. 11:00–12:00 A.M. EST. Every Friday.

The "N.B.C. Music Appreciation Hour" is supposed to be for youngsters. Conductor Walter Damrosch gives them superb music. His engaging explanatory remarks are devoid of all condescending pedantry and obscurantisms which too often distinguish musicians when they attempt to talk about their art. To be sure, there is education in the "N.B.C. Music Appreciation Hour," but a type of education that is pleasantly absorbed and not forced into the listener. I hope all children will do their best to encourage their parents to listen in.

Home Life Made Easy

Easy Aces, with Goodman Ace, Jane Ace, Mary Hunter, and Truman Bradley. Pierre André, commercial announcements. Goodman Ace, continuity and direction. Blair Wallace, sound-effects. Sponsored by Lavoris Chemical Company. Only 50 seconds' advertising time. C.B.S. 10:15–10:30 P.M. EST. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Mr. Goodman Ace's conception of home life made easier by frequent resort to the bridge-table appeared last year throughout the Middle-West and into the East. "Easy Aces" was originally an instructional series for bridge and contract addicts. In order to attract a greater audience the series was enlivened by the conversational mewings of a "Mr. Ace" and "Mrs. Ace," portrayed by the author and his wife, who, oddly enough, possess the same names.

The characters and plot gradually ran away from the original educational idea, as has frequently happened with other similarly specialized radio offerings. Regionally, this may have passed unnoticed. Nationally, there are other bridge programs which depend upon expert instruction instead of dramatic interest to hold an audience. Dramatically, "Easy Aces" creeks painfully when the card-table atmosphere glues up the action. Most national dramatic strips now seek expert acting talent.

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Both Mr. and Mrs. Goodman Ace may be bridge experts. They would not qualify as expert actors.

Musical Memories, featuring guest artist Edgar A. Guest, with soprano Alice Mock, Household Male Trio (I should like to see a Household Male Trio) and Josef Koestner directing Household Orchestra. Vincent Pelletier, announcer. Maurie Wetzel, production. Sponsored by Household Finance Corporation. A little over 3 minutes' advertising time. N.B.C. Chicago studios to WJZ network. 9:00–9:30 P.M. EST. Every Tuesday.

Mr. Edgar A. Guest is introduced to the radio audience as "the poet of the home." This is a pretty little gesture bringing this distinguished literary figure just that much closer to our hearts. "Musical Memories" must be heard by all those lonesome folks who feel discouraged and blue and who misguidedly believe that never again will "the clouds roll by." Mr. Guest so overshadows Miss Alice Mock and that strange creation, the Household Male Trio, that I remember very little about them. It seems to me that, in comparison with the poet of the home, they must have been very good.

Popular Music

Music From Out of the West. Ted Fiorito's Dance Orchestra, Vera Van and other vocals. Walter Bunker, Jr., announcer. Sustaining program from San Francisco — no advertising. C.B.S. 12:30–1:00 A.M. EST. Every Sunday.

Again I grow nostalgic over the dear dead days I never knew, the fabulous days when strangely syncopated tunes swept eastward from the Barbary Coast, now long past. Although he does hail from New Jersey via Chicago, Mr. Ted Fiorito, his orchestra, and that fetching little piece, Vera Van, now and then seem to be taken over by some of those wild 'Frisco ghosts of long ago. Then even your radio produces a jaunty leer. Sometimes the ghosts get somewhat too handy with the words. Better send the children and Mr. Ring Lardner to bed, if they're not already there.

Drawings by Julian de Miskey

The Street Singer, featuring Arthur Tracy. Nat Shilkret's Orchestra. Norman Brokenshire, announcer. John Loesch, production. Sponsored by Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company. 1 minute, 40 seconds' advertising time. C.B.S. 9:00–9:15 P.M. EST. every Tuesday, and 10:00–10:15 P.M. EST. every Friday.

Mr. Arthur Tracy displays an astonishing repertoire of popular and semi-popular songs in French, German, Spanish, Italian, and, I believe, English. "I love you" has been said so often by American songsmiths that "*Ich liebe dich*" or "*Je t'aime*" somehow sound inexpressibly more romantic in comparison. Mr. Tracy probably realizes this, because he draws full advantage from his linguistic attainments with a voice that is very easy for the listener to take.

Diluted Drama

Mysteries in Paris, featuring Elsie Hitz and John McGovern. André Baruch, commercial announcements. Thomas McKnight, continuity. Thomas Breen, Jr., production. Joe Colledge, sound-engineer. Sponsored by Bourjois, Inc. Approximately 3 minutes' advertising time. C.B.S. 9:30–10:00 P.M. EST. Every Monday.

Mr. Thomas Breen, Jr. has been forced to some very clever maneuvering on this program. Using the same technic that he developed in "The March of Time," he has knit a background of voices, street noises, and other sound effects into a lively and entertaining illusion of Paris. Unfortunately, this illusion immediately goes to pot the moment actors give voice. There have been so many scream-and-thunder continuities centered around somebody called "The Ghost," or "The Spider," or, in this instance, "The Octopus," that I am all for a new formula constructed around a "Mr. MacGillicudy" who clips the tongues of all the characters in the very first episode. Inasmuch as Mr. MacGillicudy can only speak Russian, and is afraid to do that because it gives away the secret of his sinister identity, the net result would be thirty minutes of sponsored silence a week. This suggestion is offered free to any sponsor who cares to take advantage of it.

Dromedary Caravan, with Lucille Wall, Alfred Shirley, H. Cooper-Cliffe, and cast. Charles Tramont, announcer. Joseph Bell, production. Edith Meiser, continuity. Ray Kelly, sound-effects. Sponsored by Hills Brothers. 3 minutes, 40 seconds' advertising time. N.B.C. WJZ network. 5:15–5:30 P.M. EST. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

"Dromedary Caravan" is listed as a fifteen-minute program. Because of time signals and station announcements, a "fifteen-minute" program actually is about fourteen minutes and a few seconds. "Dromedary Caravan" has an opening commercial announcement of three

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minutes, a closing commercial which manages to squeeze under the half-minute. With their long commercials I can understand why the sponsors have selected a plot everyone knows. A familiar story takes less time to tell. But as almost everyone has heard somewhere about the woman-hater, the strong, silent Englishman who seeks solace in the desert, I wonder what the sponsors expect to use for an audience. Miss Lucille Wall is the solace Alfred Shirley finds in the desert, aided by "Abdulla," played by H. Cooper-Cliffe, whose coquettish deviltries would have ruined the program for me if it had not already been ruined. Miss Wall is as nice a solace as you'd find anywhere.

Fu Manchu, with Charles Warburton, Norman Macdonald, John C. Daly, and Funda Love. Harlow Wilcox, announcer. Nate Caldwell, continuity, written under the supervision of Sax Rohmer. Fred Ibett, direction. Urban Johnson, sound-effects. Sponsored by Campana Corporation. About 2 minutes' advertising time. C.B.S. 8:45–9:15 P.M. EST. Every Monday.

The Campana Corporation is also the sponsor of "The First Nighter," which at the moment of writing is produced by N.B.C. over the WJZ network every Friday at 9 P.M. EST. Although Mr. Sax Rohmer has been packed over from England to supervise the radio dramatization of his masterpiece, "Fu Manchu," and Mr. Fred Ibett was torn from the British Broadcasting Corporation to give authentic British direction to this oriental thriller, "The First Nighter" sets the brisker pace and contains more genuine radio material. It may be that I am sick unto death of the wicked oriental villains and beautiful slave girls. From "Chandu the Magician" to "Omar Khayyam," they all are the most outrageous hokum, and there are so many on the air that I am at a loss to understand why the sponsors of such an original dramatic form as "The First Nighter" could also countenance a potboiler resuscitated out of the past decades.

New Wine In Old Bottles

Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd in "The Gloom Chasers," featuring F. Chase Taylor, Wilbur Budd Hulick, and the gas-pipe organ. Louis Dean, announcer. Taylor and Hulick, continuity. At present sustaining program — no advertising time. C.B.S. 9:30–9:45 P.M. EST. every Thursday, and 7:30–7:45 P.M. EST every Friday. (Time and announcer subject to change after January, when this program will be sponsored by the Pontiac Division of General Motors.

Some people are pleased to judge a wine by the bottles. If the bottles have all the labels commonly associated with a wine of ripe and rare vintage, then the wine, no matter how green or new it may be, must necessarily be good. Mr. F. Chase Taylor as "Colonel Stoopnagle" and Mr. Wilbur Budd Hulick as "Budd" possess all the labels and identifying marks, all the devices and tricks, of the ripened and rare comic artist. But they shed no inward comic light of their own upon their material.

Even their publicized fantasies, such as the famous gas-pipe organ, and their repeated whimsies — "— and what may that be?" "E Pluribus Unum and E Pluribus Unum," and "So forth and so on," do not appear integrant with their act. These inventions and tags, these labels of the clown are, in fact, more on the order of props, of stage mechanics, deliberately manufactured and presented for their own separate, unrelated interest instead of being employed to build up the comic force of Messrs Taylor and Hulick.

Clowning, even radio clowning, is not merely a matter of two worthy Buffalo business men adlibbing before a microphone. Their type of act may gain a flare of popularity because of its novelty to the radio audience. But it cannot last when inherent comic genius is absent.

Surprise Ending

The World of Religion, explored by Dr. Stanley H. High. Neel Enslen, announcer. Officially sponsored by the New York Federation of Churches. No advertising. N.B.C. WJZ network. 5:00–5:30 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

I first came across Dr. High after an interminably long Sunday of stuffy programs. His voice came as an enjoyable surprise ending to a dull way of spending an afternoon. He brings an infectious sort of enthusiasm to a subject which has been bumbled about by the most platitudinous group of windbags it has been my misfortune to listen to over the air. There is a possibility of a change in this program before these reviews appear. I hope, by all means, that Dr. Stanley H. High remains because I think you will like him whether you are pagan, Jewish, Protestant, or Catholic.

[Editor's Note: As Mr. Fisher feared, the National Broadcasting Company informs us that this program will be discontinued after November 6, when it will be replaced by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and a male quartet.]

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part. Under no consideration will any letter be returned.

The Repeal Amendment

To the Editor:

Mr. Joseph P. Pollard and THE FORUM deserve glowing tribute for emphasizing (in "Wake Up, Supreme Court!" — October issue) the importance of Mr. Justice Clark's independent and courageous decision declaring the Eighteenth Amendment unconstitutional. Even those who agree with the decision of the Supreme Court, reversing the conclusions of the learned court below, must admit the far reaching and liberalizing trend in Washington and elsewhere.

It is two years since I have read Judge Clark's profound judicial summary, but as I recall it, he did not question the discretionary powers of the Congress to submit proposed amendments either to (a) the legislatures, or to (b) conventions of the people within the states. He merely implied an abuse of that discretionary power amounting to fundamental error in the light of our constitutional history and under the general principles of political science. He was right. But, as Mr. Pollard points out, the opening paragraph of the opinion clearly indicated that he entertained little hope that his reasoning would be sustained by the Supreme Court.

The Eighteenth Amendment, the Volstead Act, and the various State Enforcement Acts represent an attempt by an alleged majority to inflict a drastic rule of standardized personal conduct upon an alleged minority, without any regard whatever for the sobriety, temperance, wishes, views, opinions, resentment, or opposition of the millions of freemen intended to be coerced.

What followed? In effect, social customs became crimes. Property rights to the value of more than a billion dollars were destroyed. Tens of thousands of people languished in jail. Thousands were poisoned. Other thousands were blinded. Hundreds were shot down. Billions were diverted from legitimate to illegitimate channels. In such circumstances, was it reasonable to expect the Supreme Court to reverse itself and attempt to subject Congress to the doctrine of "abuse of discretion"? Certainly not, under our conservative judicial system.

But it will be a long, long time before Congress will have the temerity again to submit an amendment involving the personal conduct or so-called fundamental rights of the people to the uncertain vagaries of expedient politicians. Here, then, we already have at least one great gain inherent in Justice Clark's fine opinion. Many others will follow. The platforms adopted by the two party conventions at Chicago indicate that pretty clearly.

However, underlying all this, there remains another vital question. Assuming that Congress were to submit a proposed amendment for repeal or modification of the Eighteenth Amendment to be ratified by conventions of the people in the several states — has Congress the power to compel a reluctant legislature to call such conventions? I should say "No."

But failing in this, has Congress the power to go into the states and there set up the machinery for holding conventions of the people organized for the sole purpose of passing upon such a proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution? I should say "Yes." What does Mr. Pollard say?

No more important subject could be submitted for discussion at this time. There is no precedent. But it is on this very point, I suspect, that the Anti-Saloon League now relies to prevent repeal. They assume that they still have sufficient power to control the legislatures in at least thirteen of the more evangelical states by swinging a sufficient number of non-partisan, one-issue, dry voting blocs in strategic districts in certain states and in some districts in every state, but they know they have not the power to control conventions of the people where repeal or amendment of our most gorgeous tyranny is the sole issue to be decided.

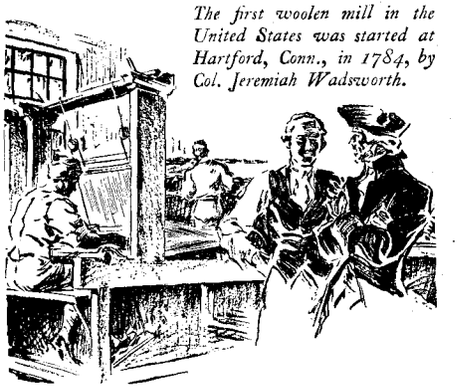
JOHN M. GIBBONS

New York, N. Y.

Mr. Pollard Replies

To the Editor:

Mr. Gibbons raises a very interesting question in regard to the ratification of a new repealing amendment. What can Congress do if state legislatures are reluctant to call a convention to ratify or reject the new amendment pursuant to Congress' resolution? It is true that no legal precedent exists, but in the light of our constitutional history, and the vast development of modern federal power,



The first woolen mill in the United States was started at Hartford, Conn., in 1784, by Col. Jeremiah Wadsworth.

From the
Wadsworth Mill
came the cloth for
WASHINGTON'S
inauguration suit

In the fall of 1784 Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth, his army duties completed, returned to his native city of Hartford, Conn., to re-enter commercial life. ¶ Successively sea captain, merchant, and commissary general for both American and French troops during the Revolutionary War, he now turned his attention to manufacturing. ¶ With others, he established on his premises the first woolen mill in the United States. From this mill came the cloth for the suit Washington wore at his first inauguration. ¶ Colonel Wadsworth was an intimate friend of Alexander Hamilton, and was the second President of the Bank of New York.

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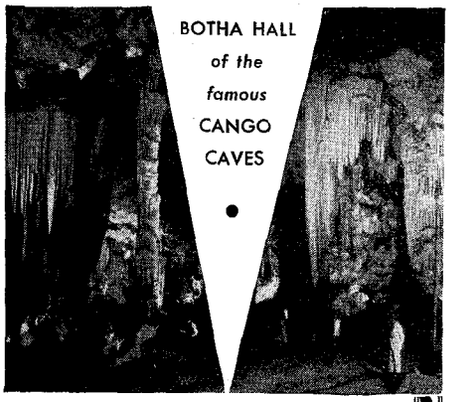

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Our Rostrum

I think that Congress would have the power to compel the state legislatures, by mandatory enactment, to call the conventions. In passing on an amendment to the Federal Constitution, or in erecting the convention machinery for that purpose, the state legislatures are acting as agents of the federal Congress in seeing the thing through to the finish. That they must adopt the method recommended by Congress and none other was settled by the Supreme Court in Hawke *v.* Smith. That they cannot remain idle, but must take part in the process seems logically to follow. It is true that there was inaction by a number of state legislatures in the adoption of the Woman Suffrage Amendment, and in the rejection of the Child Labor Amendment, but in each amendment, as in the Eighteenth, a sufficient number of state legislatures did act in their capacity of federal amending agencies to settle the amendments' fate affirmatively one way or the other. And if the national Congress should feel it necessary to coerce the state legislatures into action, I do not think the Supreme Court would interfere. Congress authorized the President to step in with the militia to settle the internal affairs of the Rhode Island government in the Dorr Rebellion of 1841, and the Supreme Court, in Luther *v* Borden, refused to take jurisdiction, thus in effect validating the federal action. Likewise when Mississippi sought to restrain the enforcement of the Congressional Reconstruction Acts after the Civil War, the Supreme Court, in Mississippi *v* Johnson, held that the court had no power to hear and determine a purely political question. The analogy of these cases would seem to give Congress a clear field in taking whatever steps are expedient in having their new liquor amendment passed upon by the bodies they designated.

JOSEPH P. POLLARD

Colorado Springs, Col.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *A fuller discussion of the convention method of amending the Constitution will be found in Mr. Pollard's new book,* The Road to Repeal.]

Not a Judicial Question

To the Editor:

May I take the liberty, as a friend and admirer of THE FORUM, of registering an objection to the wording of the title — "Wake Up, Supreme Court!" — prefixed to Mr. Pollard's timely article in the October number? I do not quarrel with the author's main thesis. I am not a friend of the Eighteenth Amendment. I look forward to use of the convention method of constitutional amendment as more representative of the popular will, and therefore sounder political science, especially where personal rights and liberty are in question. But the inferential criticism

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Port-of-Spain (Trinidad)
La Guayra, Puerto Cabello (Venezuela)
Willemstad (Curacao)
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ABOUT Christmas-time, people are getting restless. They're looking southward, to the blue Caribbean, where the sun shines golden in midwinter.

The little French shops of Martinique are fascinating. . . . St. Thomas, Trinidad, La Guayra, and Curacao are full of buccaneering memories . . . at Colon: the canal, Old Panama, the Miramar Club . . . and fair Havana always delights visitors.

A West Indies Cruise is an ideal break in dreary Winter . . . and the beautiful, new *Lafayette* will sail there twice this season. A Christmas Cruise leaves New York December 16th for 19 days. The second leaves on February 25th.

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Our Rostrum

of the Supreme Court's decision on the Eighteenth Amendment is but a minor, and it is submitted, unnecessary incident in Mr. Pollard's lively commendation of the convention principle.

More important than its possible unfairness to Mr. Pollard, however, is the misleading implication of the title. The Supreme Court has shown no hostility to the convention method of amendment, nor even cast a shadow upon it. In reversing Judge Clark's famous declaration that the Eighteenth Amendment was unconstitutional as it should, in the light of history and of sound political principle, have been submitted to state conventions instead of state legislatures, the Supreme Court has merely pointed out that the Constitution entrusts the power and responsibility of deciding between the two methods to Congress. The Supreme Court has not even suggested that Congress made the best selection in the case of the Eighteenth or any other amendment. The arguments in favor of the convention method are political rather than legal and are more fittingly addressed to Congress or to the national conventions of the political parties. Mr. Pollard indeed properly rejoices in their acceptance in the latest platforms of both leading parties. It is a settled principle of American government, however, that the Supreme Court will not supervise the performance of every duty imposed by the Constitution on some other authority.

For amendments increasing the power of government let us by all means have ratification by conventions (when we learn how they should be convened) — or by referendum; but let us demand the appropriate action in advance from Congress, without asking the Supreme Court to take the burden of reviewing the correctness of the choice of method, with the power of nullifying, on that ground, amendments already ratified.

ROBERT MCC. MARSH
New York, N. Y.

Trust the Trust Companies

To the Editor:

The article in the October FORUM by Mr. Fred C. Kelly entitled "Can Trust Companies Be Trusted?" arouses an irresistable desire to reply to it on the part of anyone who has had occasion to observe the workings of these companies and the results achieved by them. The foreword by the Editor in the same issue goes a long way towards supplying this answer, but there are still a few things which should be said.

And first let it be made clear that the writer is connected with one of the large trust companies of the Southeast as counsel. Fairness compels this statement as it does the observation that Mr. Kelly writes as a prosecuting attorney — and

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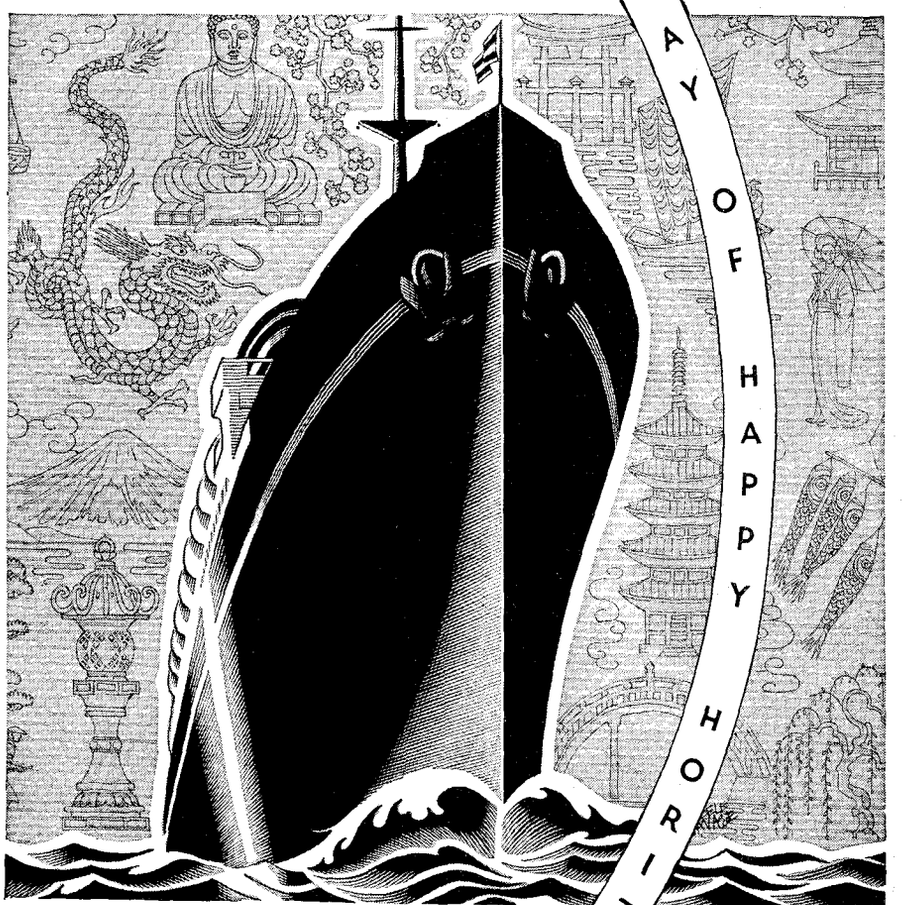

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"YOU NEVER SEE HIS FACE"

Ganymede, who was cupbearer of the Olympian gods, made quite a name for himself. But then, his was an uncommon waiter's job and he an unusual youngster, so he should have had better luck than most waiters do in the matter of achieving personal recognition. For if there is any group of men whose identity is lost in the service they perform, it is the waiters.

The waiter has been described as "the man whose face you never see," a true and perfect description as far as most of the public are concerned. Yet the waiters do not complain; they are generally quite philosophic about it. Certainly the Statler waiters* are.

They go on unobtrusively and deferentially serving our good Statler food to the guests who come to their tables. And the remarkable thing is that if they are largely unknown personalities to their steadiest patrons, those patrons are *not* unknown to them.

We have many, many waiters who have been with us since the houses in which they are employed were opened, and every one of them knows the intimate likes and dislikes of scores of guests. They know to whom to bring the various relishes for fish or meat, they remember that so-and-so must have his roast beef rare, that such-a-one takes cream but no sugar in his coffee and that another likes vinegar on his peas.

Waiters everywhere, of course, acquire this sort of knowledge of their guests, but we think that in our Statler hotels they do a little better job of it, evince a little more personal interest in their patrons' culinary preferences, serve a little more deftly and display a little more courtesy because of their training in the precepts of Statler Service.

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Our Rostrum

prosecuting attorneys are notoriously more interested in convictions than facts. Nor would any sane person contend that trust companies are perfect. They are not, and neither is any other human institution, but I submit that the percentage of loss in funds handled by trust companies is lower than that in any other class of fiduciaries Mr. Kelly can mention.

There are of course instances of losses and even possible mismanagement by corporate fiduciaries, but for every such instance there can be produced a thousand where an individual trustee failed more grievously. Marble columns do not indicate financial stability, but the personnel of the trust officers in the United States, coupled with the law, bad as that often is, is at least some assurance of security. This is particularly true of trust departments operating in connection with national banks. All of which makes possible the very remarkable but undisputed statement in the January 1931 issue of *Trust Companies Magazine:* "The beneficiaries of estates and trust funds, administered by trust companies and national banks, have not suffered the loss of a single dollar, attributable to failure, malfeasance or deliberate mismanagement." This categorical statement is supported by statements from the banking authorities of forty-eight states and the Comptroller of the Currency.

Finally, Mr. Kelly lays down five rules which he hopes will protect the intending trustor, who, despite his warning, still seeks a corporate trustee. The first suggests that the trust indenture be drawn by "an independent lawyer whom you have reason to trust." Every trust company will give you the same advice, and it can be extended to cover any other phase of business activity.

The second rule advises against any trustee which has a bond department or subsidiary, or which has anything to sell. No trustee of which we can learn ever buys any securities from itself, and never will under a properly drawn trust indenture.

Mr. Kelly then advises the trustor to investigate the laws regulating trusts in his state. Whether this is good or bad advice depends on what he means by "investigate." If he means consulting competent counsel, then the first of his rules covers the third; if on the other hand he means for the layman to make the investigation personally, this rule becomes ridiculous.

Next he suggests that the maker of a will know in advance what the charges are going to be — excellent advice in this and all other cases. In most states these charges are fixed by statute, and in the others by courts, so that the trustee has little chance to overcharge, even if it should want to, but the trustor should

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Our Rostrum

know what the work will cost, if for no other reason than to help him plan his estate.

Finally, the intending trustor is advised to look to the men who will administer his affairs. With this advice Mr. Kelly closes, and the writer will join him most enthusiastically. If those who are in a position to create trust estates will really look at the men who are in charge of the trust affairs of all the larger banks and trust companies, there will be no hesitation in trusting those estates to their institutions. The corporate fiduciary is not perfect, but it comes nearer to perfection than any other plan yet devised for the conservation of hard-earned wealth and the protection of estates and those for whom the estates are created.

WILLIAM C. TURPIN, Jr.

Macon, Ga.

Unholy Alliances

To the Editor:

You invite a reply to Mr. Kelly's article entitled "Can Trust Companies Be Trusted?" I am so much in accord with the views expressed by Mr. Kelly that even were I able to do so I could not attempt a reply, for all I could write would be: "I concur."

The editorial in the same issue of THE FORUM, "In Praise of Trust Companies," cannot be presumed to set forth the whole case in favor of trust companies and was probably not so intended. There are, no doubt, many trust companies that are well worthy of the confidence reposed in them. On the other hand, one does not need to be a prophet to foretell that the day is fast approaching when trust companies all over the United States will be subject to much stricter control and legislative supervision than obtains to-day.

The Editor in his anecdote, perhaps unwittingly, discloses a situation which if it were general would remove many of the possibilities of abuse of trust powers. In the little story it is evident that the bank and trust company were entirely independent corporations. Unfortunately, all over this country there exist vicious combinations, unholy alliances of banks and trust companies. An absolute divorce — with no interlocking directorates, no secret co-operations tolerated — should be pronounced. Only then would the trustors on the one hand and the *cestuis que trustent* on the other have a fair fighting chance with the trustee. It may be that to talk of a "fighting chance" is too strong a phrase; but many a trust beneficiary knows by bitter experience how he, or she, has been obliged to look on while the trustee arrogated to itself the right to handle the corpus of the estate and even the income, according to its judgment, unavoidably swayed by its own interest, as Mr. Kelly so pointedly asserts and illus-

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If you suffer from any of these ailments, see your doctor. One thing he may tell you is: avoid caffeine. He means the caffeine in ordinary coffee. It's a producer of uric acid.

However, if you like coffee, there is no reason why you shouldn't enjoy it.

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Ground or in the Bean . . . Roasted by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Vacuum packed. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money back.

Sign, Tear Off and Mail This Coupon Now!

Try Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag Coffee. Buy from your grocer. Or, send 15 cents in stamps for a can of Kaffee-Hag. Use this coupon.

FRF13

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Please send me a can of Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag Coffee (97% caffeine-free). I enclose 15c in stamps.

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Investment LITERATURE

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

35 QUESTIONS — 36 ANSWERS. An interesting booklet which attempts to anticipate your questions about independence fund trusts and answer them. Prepared by Independence Fund of North America, Inc., 1 Cedar St., New York City.

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Our Rostrum

trates. He rightly, to my mind, demonstrates the need of greater responsibility on the part of the trust company to its clients in the matter of disposition of trust funds and the need of affording to the beneficiary relief from the ill-advised acts of omission and commission in the handling of funds and the indiscriminate swapping of securities, when the trustee consults its own interests first and those of the client or beneficiary not at all. This right, under proper supervision, might extend so far as to terminate the trust or at least to give the beneficiary an opportunity to change the trustee. Even the threat of such a change would often be productive of more considerate and less dictatorial treatment of the beneficiary by the trustee.

ARTHUR H. BARENDT
San Francisco, Cal.

Investigate the Banks

To the Editor:

Hurray for Fred Kelly! His article in the October FORUM — "Can Trust Companies Be Trusted?" — is a masterpiece. I personally know of a bank in North Carolina that sold a widow ten thousand dollars worth of junk, in what they called their Living Trust, which to-day is worth about two thousand dollars. No wonder Atlanta is full of bankers. The pity is there are not more in jail. If Mr. Hoover wants to get the money out of the strong boxes and the tea pots, let him investigate some of the banks and make them safe for the poor man.

I await with interest the blast of denials that is sure to follow Mr. Kelly's article.

JOHN B. LEA
Westbury, N. Y.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *A reply to Mr. Kelly's article will be published in the January issue of* THE FORUM.]

The Workers' Committee

To the Editor:

A number of our members read with great interest "Relief and Revolution," by Charles R. Walker, in the September FORUM, on the activities of unemployed organizations in Chicago.

The Unemployed Councils, to which the attention of this article was given, have done a very aggressive and successful piece of work in Chicago and, we feel, perform an important rôle. But we wish to protest the summary style in which our own organization was dismissed with the implication that it is a sort of dishwater affair, which for that reason meets with the greater approval of the Relief Commission.

The Workers' Committee on Unemployment started from scratch a little more than a year ago and now has more than 15,000 men within 47 local groups in the city. The Unemployed Councils, as is well known, are Communist led, and for that reason many thousands of the unemployed have no opportunity for organized activity. We have in no sense operated as an antagonistic movement, but have gained adherents on the basis of our program and platform. We are discovering that a very real sense of unity and a fighting spirit is emerging as the movement gains in strength. We are working along peaceful and parliamentary lines but no less aggressively.

KARL BORDERS, *Chairman*
Chicago Workers' Committee on Unemployment
Chicago, Ill.

A Tale of Woe

To the Editor:

I am feeling terribly depressed, and it's all the fault of that Alice O'Reardon Overbeck. Just before reading her tear-jerking tale of woe entitled "Back to Plain Living" (November FORUM), I was in an exceptionally gay and carefree mood. I was feeling refreshed from a good night's sleep in a nice warm hay loft. A kind lady had given me a breakfast consisting of a half a slice of bread, practically free from mold, and a glass of water to soak it in. I had found a slightly used cigar that wasn't so bad, even though it had been rained on. Then I found a FORUM lying in the gutter. I sat down by the road side, overwhelmed by a feeling of utter contentment, and began to read. It was a pretty good old world after all, I thought, in spite of the depression. Here I was with shelter, a good used cigar, and food for my stomach, and now I was even to be blessed with food for the intellect. I felt almost guilty to be so well off. Then I started to read "Back to Plain Living."

When I got to the part where the poor, destitute family had to tend their own furnace, I began to struggle to retain my composure. I read, through a mist of tears, of that poor, dear child who was forced to wear her last year's fur coat a second season. But when I reached the part where the poor, despairing woman found it necessary to send her children to a public school along with common, ordinary children, I *burst* into tears.

Is it possible that such misery and suffering can really exist? I had heard before, in a more or less vague way, of the poverty that abounds in mining towns, but I did not know — how could I know? — that it could be like this! Still, terrible as is the plight of this unfortunate family, it could conceivably be worse. Mrs. Overbeck, poor thing, can no longer afford to have her double chin massaged at a beauty parlor. I have heard of women in mining towns who couldn't even afford a double chin!

WILBUR J. DOWD
Madison, Conn.

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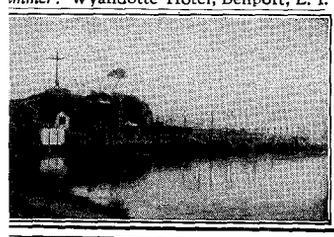

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Of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of

THE FORUM
and Century

Published Monthly at Concord, N. H., for October 1, 1932

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a *Notary Public*, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared GEORGE F. HAVELL, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the *Business Manager* of THE FORUM and CENTURY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publisher*, FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *Editor*, HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *Managing Editor*, None; *Business Manager*, GEORGE F. HAVELL, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; GEORGE HENRY PAYNE, Dept. of Taxes, Municipal Bldg., New York, N. Y.; RONALD TREE, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON, 4101 Avenue P, Brooklyn, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: JULIA BARNET RICE, ISAAC L. RICE, JR., JULIAN RICE, Trustees of the Estate of Isaac L. Rice, care of Bankers Trust Co., 16 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

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GEORGE F. HAVELL,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1932.

[SEAL]

LILLIAN S. WOOLF,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1934.)

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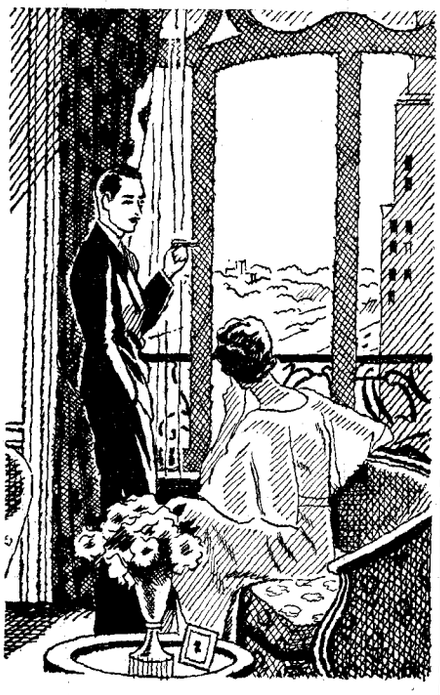

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Our Rostrum

The Divine Plan

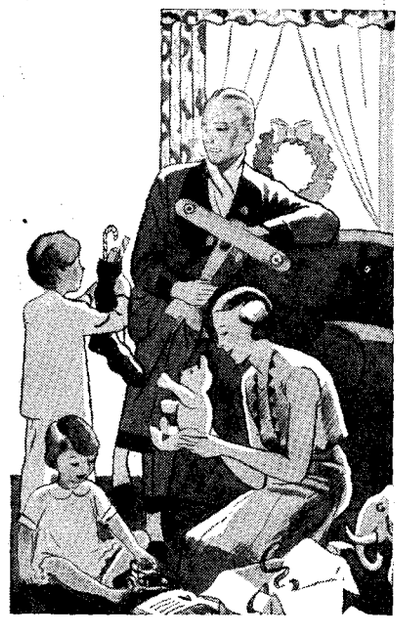
To the Editor:

Ray Erwin Baber, in presenting his birth control "balance sheet" (November FORUM), seems to lean a bit more heavily than the evidence warrants on the credit side of the ledger. Especially is this true when he approaches the inevitable discussion of the moral issues involved. When he says, for example, that in view of the unqualified opposition of Catholicism to birth control, it "seems illogical" to non-Catholics that "limiting intercourse to the so-called 'safe period' is permitted." All this, because the "desired result — the prevention of contraception — is exactly the same as when contraceptives are used." Mr. Baber should know that Catholics are not opposed to the prevention of conception, as such. One way to prevent conception is by abstinence. What they are opposed to is any use of a faculty (in this case, the procreative faculty) in such a manner that positive steps are taken to see to it that the faculty shall not have its natural result.

The misunderstanding under which your contributor labors is due to the fact that he is unacquainted with the main ethical argument against contraception, an argument which he caricatures so extremely that he makes it apply equally well to spectacles, canned food, operations, and automobiles. No one claims that the use of contraceptives is wrong because they interfere with the operation of the physical laws. This would mean that anything artificial is wrong. When the opponents of birth control brand it as "unnatural," they mean something quite different from this. They mean that it is contrary to the nature of man; that it contravenes the natural law; that it is a perversion of a natural faculty, the purpose of which is freely and deliberately frustrated in its very use. They mean that the purpose of the procreative faculty is an index of the desires of God as to how it shall be used. And they mean that any such thwarting of the Divine plan is unnatural, and because it is unnatural, wrong.

Mr. Baber adds to this error in theory an error in fact, when he calls the majority report of the Commission on Marriage and the Home, of the Federal Council of Churches, "perhaps the best measure of Protestant opinion" on the subject. This report is such a good "measure of Protestant opinion" that the Methodist Church South, the Northern Baptist Convention, the Presbyterian Church Synod, and the Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania took the pains to repudiate it completely. The Southern Branch of Presbyterians even voted to withdraw from the Council because of it.

ALEXANDER CHURCHFIELD
Brooklyn, N. Y.



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